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The UNITARIAN

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LIFE.

A SERMON BY REV. GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

"Everything wherein there is life."— GEN. i. 30.
"The life was the light of men."— JOHN i. 4.

Here we have life in its genesis and resurrection,—life in everything, and life brought to its highest individual expression.

Grass, bird, and man live: there is no life in sand, rock, ocean, or star. That is, there is in sand, rock, ocean, and star no individual life, only the life of universal nature. Even in these the Eternal Being finds expression; and through them he speaks to man of law, order, and beauty. In a higher sense, there is life where there is organism, growth, and reproduction. The aim of life is to create the individual: the more of individuality, the more of life and the greater the power of being.

Life is multitudinous in its forms, for it crowds the theatre of being with its varied attempts at expression. It swarms everywhere, and pours itself out in an endless succession of creatures. In its lower forms a single individual reproduces itself by the million, so anxious is life to possess every corner of the world. In great and in little, in air, sea, and soil it appears, and asserts its presence in creatures that possess the earth to the extent of their powers.

Life is the great end for which the universe exists. In order to make it more perfect, nature pours forth its energies in unstinted measure. It would seem as if all things cried out for life, and were in search for that which will give life of a higher kind. The instinctive or the conscious search for higher life makes the process of evolution that is going on ever about us. The tree is trying more and more to fulfil the ends of its being as a tree, and in that effort seeks to transcend itself, and to rise into a form of life yet more perfect. When Jesus said, "I came to give you life, and that more abundantly," he made answer to the highest aspiration of all growing things.

Life is; but what is it? Life, even in its simplest forms, defies definition. We know it, we realize in ourselves what it is; but no words serve to express its full meaning. We have long ago found that no great thing is capable of a satisfactory definition. That which can be defined is the limited, the imperfect, the unsatisfactory, that with small gift of life-force. It is easy to tell all about a piece of rock, but not easy to tell all about man. A quite satisfactory explanation can be given of the weed in your garden. Not even the wisest man can give a complete account of the life of the babe in your arms, in its relations to all the phases of the world about it.

We know that life is. We use it: it is that through which we exist. But what it is we are not able to explain. Mr. Spencer tells us it is an adjustment of outer and inner relations. That seems only a playing with words, and brings us no nearer to life itself than before. There is something which causes the relations to exist before the adjustment can begin, and it would seem that this is the life for which we are

in search. All definitions have been equally futile, good for theory, but not equal to the fact. We live, we enjoy life, we behold life all around us; and that is about all which our speech can express.

The scientist can tell us something of life: the poet can tell us more. It is not by absolute statement we can learn its quality or understand its inherent force, but by suggestion or poetic metaphor or spiritual implication. The more we live, the more we know of the meaning of life. The more truly we are poets, and capable of reading nature from its riddle of fixed forms into the ideas which are behind them, the grander becomes the vision of life and the diviner its meaning.

Life is a growth, a progress and ascension, a gradual aim of perfection. It advances from lower to higher, and unfolds itself before us as a vast panorama, that we may read its secret and imbibe its spirit. It mounts through all the forms of being: it climbs the stair of existence from sensation to intelligence. In its beginning its end is prophesied, and in the genesis there is assurance of the resurrection.

Life is opportunity, capacity, the possibility of accomplishment; and it is also freedom. Life is a promise. It puts in our hand a gift. It gives us being. It also gives us something for being to work out into accomplishment. Life is a gift; and it is the opportunity for turning the gift into performance, and the making it more perfect through use and beauty.

Life is circumscribed by law. But law is a help, a tool with which to work; and it fences in the way along which we ought to travel. Law is not a bond of prescription or even a limit, but the method of the activity of life. Life is true to itself, obedient to its own highest ends; and this fidelity we know as law. With law there also exists freedom, which is law on its reverse side, or life seeking opportunity for expression. The more truly life accepts the methods of law, the greater the freedom it attains. The more life, the more freedom; and the more freedom, the more life. Man is not a creature in chains, except as he enchains himself through his passions. He is, when law and freedom guide him, a traveller who follows the great highway of God. He is then what Shelley called Byron, "a Pilgrim of Eternity"; and he seeks the City of Light, that he may abide in it forever.

In its higher forms, life is a moral issue, an ethical endeavor. Among the creatures of wood, water, and air, life is a conflict. The strong make war on the weak. Life advances in its lower realms because only the best can live in the great combat that ever goes on. In its higher forms the victory ceases to the physically strong, and it is given to those who know the morally right and do it. The more moral we are, the more life we have. For man the moral quality is the true test of life. For him life has little meaning or worth without the moral aim.

As we go higher in our study, we find that life is spiritual energy, and therefore its own explanation and exposition. Life is not a new combination or expression of matter,—matter endowed with transcendent faculty; but life is spiritual energy, that which makes matter its servant and the medium of its expression. So much carbon, oxygen, and other elements combined in organization do not make life; but spiritual energy uses these as its instruments, as its materials with which to work, as its bricks and mortar with which to build house or church or museum.

When we take a large view of life,—and the larger, the truer,—it is not well to say that life uses the elements as its instruments, but to say that life is a poet creating his Iliad or Divine Comedy: it is a painter giving forth his Last Supper or Transfiguration. When we think of the poet or painter as one who creates in verse or on canvas a perfect artistic form, and inspired with the richest sense of life and beauty, we have a noble conception of the Master Artist when he creates the ever-unfolding universe. It grows out of the conscious purpose of intellect and love, and shapes itself toward order, beauty, and thought, under the touch of his creative hand.

Life is not an organ, but that which makes the organ and uses it. It is not a body, but that which takes the body for its means of expression: it is being, or soul. In its highest reaches, it is personality. It becomes distinct, separate being, that cannot be merged back into its constituents. Then it is soul. Then it is man. Then it feels,

hopes, believes, loves, and prays. Then it thinks and reads the thoughts of God after him, as he writes them in the book of his creation. Then life recognizes its own being, is conscious of itself, becomes a personality. It ceases to be an *it*, and becomes an *I*. We say no more, *it is;* but *I am*. That *I am* becomes an eternal promise: it prophesies immortality.

Sometimes men have been impressed with the idea that fate is the ruling element in life. They have felt the limitations of their own natures and the powerful sway of law or circumstance. They have felt as if nature shut them in on every hand, and that they were powerless to break the bonds of spiritual destiny. It is true that the life of man is limited; but his limitations are not those of fate or pitiless circumstance. They are those of opportunity, freedom, and destiny. He is circumscribed because he is under law, and law is but another name for promise. Circumstance exists because spiritual aim is behind it. Law holds in its hand the gift of freedom.

When man reaches the region of spiritual attainment, he is taught that circumstance, fate, and law are only names, that they are not the monsters he once thought. They are opportunities, and not limitations. They are not walls to shut him in, but hands with which he may explore the universe. When he submits to them, accepts their dictation, becomes their servant, a marvellous transformation is wrought, and they become his guides toward the promised city he seeks. Then they become his servants, his counsellors, and his friends. He no longer stands in terror of them, but he welcomes them as necessary to his spiritual growth. Were it not for them, he would ever be in bondage to incapacity, opportunity would not give welcome to him, and no promise would rise before his habitation as a light in darkness.

Life rises to higher capacity through self-surrender. While the soul is lawless, it is purposeless, and it gains nothing of accomplishment. While the individual disregards nature, moral obligation, and social order, his life is aimless and fruitless. No one can do as he wishes; no one can create his own world, and make the laws of it; no one can become a law unto himself. At the very beginning of life, and more and more, we learn that nature demands acceptance of her methods as the only condition of healthful and happy living. No less imperative is the moral order, which commands obedience as the very condition of having life or anything of moral attainment. The moment, however, that we surrender our ambition to become a law to ourselves, and give up all wish to be lawless and aimless, and submit ourselves in willing obedience to the eternal order, and what it commands, we find that fate has disappeared, and we have become the participants in a life where all things have open hands to help and to bless us.

True freedom for man comes through absolute acceptance of law and a joyous obedience to its commands. When we have thus accepted law, and surrendered ourselves to it as if it were the only good, it turns into freedom for us, and lifts us into the region of spiritual reality. Behind the material fact of the universe, in which circumstance, law, and fate have their cause for being, there is the supreme reality of the spiritual creation. Having come to know the law of the spirit, and having participated in its ministration to the soul, we are no longer the victims of fate. Then we know that the phantoms which life creates are of transient meaning, and that they can work us harm only while we fear them. Life itself can use every circumstance for its own ends, when we turn our thoughts to the highest good. Law has no harm for us, when we know that its meaning is love.

Not only is fate a creation of our own minds, but opportunity stands before us at every hour. Life is not tame and spiritless, but it has profit for every seeker. In its variety of manifestation is good for each and all. Man shows what diversity of race and talent! From the Hottentot to the Englishman is an immense stretch in capacity of heart and mind. Then there is the reach from the brutish savage to Jesus. Among individuals is a wonderful diversity of faculty. No two are alike. Each is himself, has what we call individuality, his own traits and qualities, and the using of them in a way of his own.

Whatever the gift which life brings to each individual, it offers to all an infinite diversity of opportunity. To even the feeble intellect there is a marvellous range

of knowledge. Use brings to every faculty a wide stretch of power. We often covet the gifts of others, and feel that others are dowered beyond ourselves. It was the wish of George Eliot that the musician's faculty had been hers, and yet only the very greatest musicians have had such a power to charm mankind as that which she possessed. She looked from what she had to what she had not, for thus it is the soul seeks to perfect its qualities and to widen the range of its manifestations.

Not less is the range of what can be done with life. It presents the object of self-culture, the development of ourselves into rational and loving beings. To help others is an equal object; and it gives width to thought, nobility to the soul, and happiness to the heart. To study the creation of God, and to know its law and order, is an object of the highest satisfaction. Nor can we turn in any direction where there is not an abundant good to be found from the use of our talents. The whole creation is a museum of books and pictures and curious objects for our study.

In the midst of what is truthful and good appears the beautiful, that our delight may be in proportion to our knowledge and our moral activity. The poet, the painter, the musician, the sculptor, give to life a richness it could not have save by their aid; and it is not mere pleasure they bring, but a wider apprehension of the meaning of life itself. They teach us that life, wherever it is, seeks to become creative, and to produce from the crude that which is more perfect. The poet, the artist and musician, help us, above all other men, to realize that the fulness of life is not in the practical, or in mere fact, but in the ideal. We live when we forget the present in the hope of the future. We live when we see through the imperfect real to the ideally perfect which it prophesies. In the ideal alone do we find the life which is the light of men.

Life is, as it were, a great river that rises in the hills, ripples on by quiet farm-houses and down wooded slopes, gathers strength as it passes, turns a mill, passes through growing towns and cities, descends to the plains to carry mighty ships, welcomes great rivers to swell its current, and pours at last into the sea of eternity. Down that river we travel from childhood to age, to know its quiet places of joy, and to know its strength to carry onward the commerce of the world.

Life is, as it were, a musician playing in the morning hours, pouring forth the fancies and hopes of an abundant being. As the musician plays on, there are great triumphant marches of melody to be heard, exulting and powerful at the joy of life; and then there are low and piteous wailings of anguish and grief, as the minor chords are struck. Love sends forth its soft pleading of affection, and hate dashes out its shrieking discord. As we listen, it would seem as if the child in the cradle laughed and cried through the keys, the maiden answered her confiding yes, the strong man toiled and battled, and the old man waited the sun setting in the west. Life plays on; and what music it makes! It is not all harmony; but it awakens an infinite tenderness as we listen, and a hope that cannot be quenched.

Through all its manifestations there is but the one life. It is but one river that pours its flood into the great sea, but one musician who plays forth the music of existence. With all its variety of manifestation the one life appears,—a life that knows no beginning or end, and that is equal to the wants of us all. As we become embosomed in that life, and forget our own, forget our petty wish and our selfish ambition and our stubborn pride, there come to us peace and the calm, sustaining presence of the infinite. Then it is not our life which upholds us, but the life of the Eternal Being.

We would like to know more of life than this; for we desire to know its end, and what is meant for the soul in that word "forever." It suffices to our need, however, that life goes on, and that we may advance with it. It is not for the school-boy to know the wise man's open secret. That opportunity never forgets us, that growth is for every seeking soul, gives courage to go on and to complete our task.

> "Oh that a man might know
> The end of this day's business ere it come!
> But it sufficeth that the day will end,
> And then the end is known."

Life is ours. It is all here within and around us. It has not come from chance: it goes not out into nothingness. If its meaning is not seen by us, it has a meaning

so great as to be beyond our capacity to know. Life is not worthless because we cannot explain it, but its worth is so large that our definitions are not equal to it.

In its individual quality life has its basis in Eternal Being. Its existence does not depend on its present manifestation, and it is not likely that it will be made other than it is by the phenomena of death. How can death change the soul, when it is

"Not so much even as the lifting of a latch,
Only a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous,
With light that shines through its transparent walls"?

The soul is what it is only because of qualities which nothing of outward experience can destroy, and which death will not obliterate. Life is the soul's opportunity to prove itself, to lift itself above the entanglements of sense, and to bring itself into harmony with God. Thus regarding it, we can have no fear in view of the swift-coming end of our labors, in this country of toil and pain. We will not shun any task it gives, and we will not ask that it be prolonged beyond the allotted time.

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not, 'Good-night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good-morning.'"

A SINGER OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

"Hers was the hand that played for many a year
Love's silver phrase for England,—smooth and well."
—*Elizabeth Barrett*, 1839.

"Hard are life's early steps, and, but that youth is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope, men would behold its threshold, and despair."—*L. E. Landon.*

Realism and pessimism are so intertwined with much of modern fiction that we feel sometimes tempted to envy both the writers and the readers of half a century ago, when, as we fancy, the intellectual atmosphere (if less prodigal of wide-reaching views into the distance) must have been more tranquil and serene, more full of poetry and idealism, of "sweetness and light," than it is now. Glancing backward thus into what we fondly dream to have been a period of comparative optimism and ideality, we find ourselves still forced to face another form of pessimism,—not that of the hard schools of to-day,—yet what might be called the poetic pessimism of imaginative writers, who (then, as now, filled with sadness when facing the problems of existence) were wont, instead of minutely photographing life's dark realities, to pour forth their sadness in musical poems or in romances of poetic prose.

Among the band of authors whose day extended into the beginning of the Victorian period, and whose fame, while living, reached far and wide over the English-speaking world, stood the gifted Englishwoman, whose melancholy words just quoted are but too faithful an epitome of her own struggling youth.*

Letitia Elizabeth Landon (better known in literature under her pen name of initials, "L. E. L.") was born in London, August 14, 1802. Her father, for many years partner in an army agency, came of good though somewhat impoverished family; and it is not unlikely that his eldest child's strong imaginativeness may have been inherited from her mother's Welsh blood. The second daughter died early; and one brother, not very much younger than herself, was the pet and playmate of L. E. L.'s dreamy, precocious, and book-loving childhood. It is recorded that one of their favorite games consisted in playing at "being Spartans," the word "Sybarite" being their worst term of reproach. Their mutual affection was so strong that their parents hit upon the device of punishing them by proxy, the innocent one being (according to the fashion of those days of strict discipline) locked up in a dark closet; while the remorse felt by the real culprit fast insured amendment by the fear of bringing shame upon the other. Like Felicia Hemans (her elder by nearly nine years), L. E. L. passed her childhood between successful studies, imaginative, miscellaneous reading, and juvenile attempts at verse. It is said that, in spite of the sadness of her subsequent writings, she was a high-spirited, healthy, happy

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*"Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L.". By Laman Blanchard. 1841.

child. "Life's early steps" began to grow hard for her as she was approaching womanhood, and financial troubles darkened the household. It was about this time that she first appeared in print, in the then influential *Literary Gazette*, to whose editor, Mr. Jerdan, she was indebted for much kindly and discriminating praise and encouragement that smoothed the way for her future. When but nineteen, or even less, she published a romantic tale in verse, dedicated to Mrs. Siddons, and soon began a series of "Poetical Sketches" in the *Literary Gazette*, over her signature of "L. E. L."

It was not long before these initials became famous. Lord Lytton, as far back as 1831, tells how, when her poems first appeared in the *Gazette*, the collegians would hasten, every Saturday afternoon, to seize on the new number, and turn to the corner sure to contain the contribution of "L. E. L." It is amusing, in our day, to picture the enthusiasm awakened in a set of young students by any poetry whatever, much more so when we read: "We soon learned that it was a female; and our admiration was doubled, and our conjectures tripled. Was she young? Was she pretty? . . . But the other day, looking over some of our boyish effusions, we found a paper superscribed to L. E. L., and beginning with 'Fair spirit!'"

The "female" thus honored from the start was already beginning to indulge in what we have styled the poetic pessimism of the period, her flowing, musical, and highly wrought verses being filled with a tone of tragic pathos, which, as her biographer informs us, was utterly at variance with her normal mood. Affectation there was none: it was merely that strangely dual nature so frequently found among artist-souls, who can pass suddenly from tears to laughter, and back again, yet be perfectly sincere in each. Largely dependent upon her writings for her own support and that of her parents, in 1824 she sent forth a second metrical romance, followed, two years after, by another, besides short poems in profusion. Meanwhile she was living, as ever, in what she alters Byron's famous line into describing as "London, *my* country, city of the soul!" Unable to secure sufficient privacy in the house of her grandmother, Mrs. Bishop (who could not be made to understand how "Letty" could have her thoughts put to flight by being spoken to for "just one minute" all day long), L. E. L. for years made her home as a boarder with some ladies who kept a school for girls. It is but fair to add that her grandmother* continued to be an object of unceasing care and devotion, while of the large sums received for her popular writings the young poetess spent but a small proportion upon herself. Not only her parents and grandmother, but her brother (sent to Oxford by an uncle, and afterward becoming a clergyman) profited by L. E. L.'s success to a degree which many of her friends deemed only too generous, while her health was severely taxed by unceasing literary toil. It is recorded that of the three hundred pounds received in 1831 for her first prose work, "Romance and Reality," she declared that she kept for her own use only the price of a pair of gloves. It is evident that her nearest relatives, finding her able to earn money by her talents, were quite ready to permit her to overtask herself for their benefit. Small wonder if the work thus produced under strain and stress was often sad!

Visiting at an uncle's house in Yorkshire, she describes, in one of her amusing letters, how she had been lionized as the "London authoress," so that, seated beside the only young gentleman at a dinner, "I acted upon him like an air-pump, suspending his very breath and motion; and my asking him for some mince-pie . . . acted like an electric shock, so that his start caused the plate of a neighboring lady to be deposited upon her lap. One young lady heard at Scarborough last summer that I had had two hundred offers, and a gentleman at Leeds brought an account of three hundred and fifty straight from London. It is really very unfortunate that my conquests should so much resemble the passage to the North Pole and Wordsworth's cuckoo, talked of, but never seen."

Yet (even without taking into the account her hard toil for the sake of others), in spite of social and literary success, or even it may be because of it, the reverse side to this pict-

*To whom she is said to have owed nearly all the proper care of her childhood, for which her own mother, from some infirmity of health or disposition, was disqualified.

ure of her career is a dark one. It might seem as though the intensely playful tone of many of her letters had been assumed, in order to head off the sadness sure to overpower her as soon as she spoke of realities. She writes: "I have known little else than privation, disappointment, unkindness, and harassment. From the time I was fifteen my life has been one continual struggle in some shape or another against absolute poverty; and I must say not a tithe of my profits have I ever expended on myself. . . . No one knows but myself what I have had to contend with."

The deep wretchedness pervading the letter from which these words are taken was chiefly caused by certain utterly unfounded but stinging calumnies which attacked her about this time (1826), when, as Mr. Blanchard says, the very fact of her rapid success served to make her enemies; while a certain careless innocence of speech and manner gave gossips a faint pretext for hatching or believing reports which her own friends knew to be without foundation. Like nearly all poets, she found it most difficult to be prudent. Carried away by her high spirits for the moment, she would often say things never meant but as a jest, and which made sober-minded people stare. Her kindly biographer declares that she was mistaken in allowing these falsehoods to pass unchallenged, and to rely upon time for their dying out. Fade away, to a certain extent, they did, but only to be revived, years after, when her engagement to a man afterward eminent in literature seemed at last to promise her a calmer and happier future. It was with this secret thorn to bear that L. E. L. lived on in London, writing poems, forming friendships with literary persons, and among them with Mrs. S. C. Hall. The latter, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1865, describes her first meeting with the young authoress, who in her twenty-fifth year did not look more than seventeen. It is a pleasing sketch of an attractive personality, such as one discriminating and high-minded woman would give of another. Rather *petite*, graceful, dark-haired, with clear complexion and dainty hands and feet, L. E. L. possessed a beauty of coloring and expression that made her charming. We recall a tiny engraved likeness which, without being critically handsome, showed a face full of comeliness, intelligence, and refinement suited to the precocious girl poetess, who in a few years was to eclipse the fame of her early efforts by her vivid and eloquent prose.

Her father, sincerely mourned, had died about 1824. Her mother appears to have lived in the country; and L. E. L., as already stated, made her home in London, declaring that she should prefer "a metropolitan five hundred a year to a rural five thousand." She required, and expanded in, the intellectual stimulus of its stirring life. It is pleasant to be able to record that, in spite of the pain caused by the slanders already mentioned, she never ceased to be welcomed and honored in society. Her conversation is described as being full of sparkling wit, information, and many-sided talent. Mrs. Hall says that, when L. E. L., at her house, was made acquainted with James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," the Scotch poet, taking the young lady's hand, and looking earnestly at her, exclaimed, "Oh, dear! I ha' written and thought many a bitter thing about ye, but I'll do sae na mair: I didna think ye'd been sae bonnie!" Heartily enjoying congenial society, she declared that neither music nor dancing could ever compare with "the super-felicity of talking." She was a constant and most charming letter-writer. She abounds in deep and brilliant criticisms of the celebrities whom she met with at literary reunions. Writing as she did incessantly for the press, it is wonderful that she could find strength or leisure for what must have been an extensive course of miscellaneous reading and voluminous correspondence. It is only to be explained by the "marvellous rapidity" with which she was able to read and write, and the extreme tenacity of her memory for what she read. To a critic of our own day, her style, even for that more gushing period, may be accused of being sometimes overloaded and diffuse. Power she did undoubtedly possess; and, had she lived longer, she would probably have taken pains to weed and prune her too luxuriant growths.

It was in 1831 that her first prose work, "Romance and Reality," was published. Her friends had long entreated her to try a novel, as being most likely to mature her genius. Mr. Blanchard frankly admits that

many of them felt rather doubtful as to her ability to construct a story,* though there was but one opinion regarding her being able to describe with a poet's skill what she had seen with an artist's eye. There are some kinds of imagination which, admirably suited to depicting certain poetic characters and situations, seem to droop and dwindle as soon as they are obliged to tread the common earth and draw every-day things or people in the sober colors of actual life. This work is the somewhat improbable but interesting story of a young English lady who, under the pressure of morbid feelings, quits the friends with whom she is travelling, and becomes a nun in a Neapolitan convent, from which, after a year or two, she with difficulty escapes, and with a girl friend, makes her way back to England, only to die. Favorably received though it was, L. E. L. did not cease to write verse, declaring that "writing poetry is like writing one's native language, and writing prose writing in a strange tongue." This first novel, however, was soon eclipsed by "Francesca Carrara," an Anglo-Italian romance of the seventeenth century, which some consider her finest work. A reviewer declares that "there is a fiery abundance of informing spirit in it that might have served to crowd with meaning fifty ordinary novels." Others prefer "Ethel Churchill," with its vivid and witty descriptions of London society in the days of Pope, to the highly wrought pictures of the court of Louis XIV. abounding in the former. In 1834 L. E. L. enjoyed a trip to Paris, with some friends, sending home delightful letters, saying that she does not know in what French vivacity consists, as all the people she has met are "peculiarly quiet." And thus, through much successful literary toil, she worked on to the year 1836, the time when she became engaged, as already mentioned, to a gentleman whose name her biographer (writing, it must be remembered, not very long after the event) does not see fit to give, but whom he speaks of as in every way a desirable choice.

Envy and malignity again revived the baseless slanders which had attacked her some years before. Her firm friends, rallying, as ever, to her defence, fully exposed the falseness of such charges, while the innocent victim of this injury was thrown into an illness by distress. Her intended husband, who had never, then or later, believed a word against her, urged the marriage. It is to her over-scrupulous sensitiveness and conscientiousness that is due the greatest mistake of her life,—her insisting upon breaking off the engagement, which, had it been followed by her marriage, might have lifted her out of a weary maze of trials, great and small, and (like Elizabeth Barrett's marriage to Browning) have preserved her among us until her genius was fully ripened. Most pathetic are her letters of this period, which it is impossible to read without feeling their internal evidence as to her innocence, delicacy, and sensitive pride. Recovering from her illness, but still suffering at heart, she soon became acquainted (unfortunately) with the man whom she was destined to marry.

George Maclean, the son of a Scotch clergyman, had, when very young, become secretary to the governor of Sierra Leone, and not long after was himself made governor of the colony. He had been distinguished under trying and responsible circumstances as a man of nerve and courage, well suited to an arduous post. L. E. L. from childhood had had an absolute passion for the subject of Africa. Travels, explorations, adventures in the then unutterably dark continent, were her hobby. Meeting often at the house of a mutual friend, she and Mr. Maclean continued to enjoy each other's society, until at last he proposed to her, and—to the extreme surprise of her own circle—she accepted him. Before long she learned that she would have to accompany him back to Cape Coast Castle, but saw no reason to change her mind. How far her heart, so cruelly wounded, had been "caught in the rebound," who can tell? Opinions vary regarding her real feelings, as they do concerning Mr. Maclean's toward her, some asserting him to have courted her merely from pride in her fame, while others declare him to have been sincerely attached to her. His own family "always expressed the highest possible sense of Miss Landon's worth, and took a just pride in her literary reputation." During Mr. Maclean's absence in Scotland, in the summer of 1837, it seemed

*She also wrote occasional criticisms and reviews.

as if the engagment might be broken off. Her health was very delicate, and the prospect of living in such a climate as that of Cape Coast Castle was most formidable. There seemed, also, but little in common between this betrothed pair except their strong interest in African subjects,—a slim foundation, surely, to build a lifelong partnership upon!

It must be stated that Mr. Maclean was fully aware of all that had been said against his intended bride. No concealment or deception had been practised regarding her; and his own feelings toward the matter were those of contempt, and a desire to vindicate her. The relations existing between this pair of mature lovers (L. E. L. was in her thirty-fifth year, and he was of a suitable age) were characterized by a mutual and honorable frankness. Difficulties, indeed, might be said to attend upon her going to the Cape; but her resolution never wavered. How far her feelings may have fluctuated, what extremes of doubt, fear, and unspoken apprehension her sensitive heart may have endured during that year of the engagement, who shall guess? She herself, had she ventured to put her feelings into words, might have said that an iron determination to follow a fixed course may too easily coexist with hourly struggles where the wish rebels against the will. Mr. Maclean, for some reason, desired a private wedding; and they were married very quietly, by her brother, at a London church, June 7, 1838, few even of their own friends being informed of the event until a fortnight after. Lord Lytton, then Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, gave away the bride.

Mr. S. C. Hall (who is persuaded that she was married mainly from pride in her celebrity, and whose opinion of her husband is therefore unfavorable) says that at a farewell gathering given to her before she sailed Mr. Maclean could find nothing better to say in reply to the toasts and compliments heaped upon his bride than a sulky statement that, "if Mrs. Maclean had as many friends in England as they said, he wondered why they allowed her to leave them." This curt abruptness, after all, may have been but the painful shyness of a man of action, who, brought into the midst of some social function, is at a loss for words, and endures agonies of *mauvaise honte*, feeling that to charge a battery would be far easier work than dining out. That the departing bride should have been downcast and depressed is not to be wondered at, even had the marriage been as romantic a one as any in her own poetry. To the kind lady with whom she had spent the past few months she addressed a touching poem of farewell. Sailing from Portsmouth July 5, after a suffering six weeks' voyage she landed at Cape Coast August 16, her beautiful and well-known stanzas called "Night at Sea" having been written on board the vessel the evening before. It is difficult to read them without tears of sympathy for the writer, who ends every verse with the refrain,—

> "My friends, my absent friends,
> Do you think of me as I think of you?"

Elizabeth Barrett, then a delicate invalid, beginning to be known to fame, but her name as yet unlinked with Browning's, has helped to keep this pathetic poem in remembrance by her own lines called "L. E. L.'s Last Question," which served as an epitaph for her who was so soon to die,

> "With all her visions unfulfilled, save one,
> Her childhood's,—of the palm-trees in the sun;
> And, lo, their shadow on her sepulchre!"

Two months only did the bride spend in that sea-washed castle, on three sides lashed by the waves, while the fourth looked out on a wild and wooded land-view. Solitary and sad beyond description must her life there have been. Gay and amusing though they are, her letters give us a mournful picture "between the lines." It is too evident that she is battling bravely against sorrow, homesickness, anxiety, and the friction of a thousand petty worries. Housekeeping trials great and small beset her in that spacious but ill-appointed castle, where, as she says, there was "the utter want of the commonest necessaries,—no such thing as sauce-pan, jug, or pail,"—while, in addition, Mr. Maclean was prostrated by a brief but severe attack of painful illness. Still, she bore up manfully, declaring that "the place is far better than we ever imagined," and, in a letter to Mrs. S. C. Hall, says that she

is "very well and very happy." Moments of enjoyment among the rich tropical scenery she had longed for she could hardly fail to experience. Her writing was being vigorously carried on. How far she might in time have grown to feel at home we shall never know. Early on October 15 her maid, going to her room, found her lying senseless on the floor, an empty bottle in her hand. All efforts to revive her were fruitless; and the inquest resulted in deciding that her death was caused by an overdose of Prussic acid, taken for spasms, which often troubled her, and from which she had suffered the evening before.

Much has been said as to the possibility of her having committed suicide, under the pressure of melancholy and loneliness. Much, likewise, has been suggested as to the probability of her having been poisoned by an African woman, who considered that she had a right to regard Mr. Maclean's wife with jealousy. Nothing certain was ever proved.*

After the death of Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L. had received from an American admirer of the poetess a rose-tree which she was asked to plant upon her grave. That grave, in the vault of St. Anne's, Dublin, was one on which no flower could bloom. Almost as dreary and desolate was the tomb made for L. E. L. (who, like Felicia Hemans, might have said that all her works had been written "in the pauses between storms and billows") in the court-yard of Cape Coast Castle within sound of the sea. Above it a marble tablet records in Latin how she had died, in the prime of her powers, aged thirty-six.

We lack space to touch upon the many tributes to her memory from a host of the best writers of her day. The general opinion seems to be that her poetry was far exceeded by her prose. Teeming, as it does, with the romance, the redundant sentiment, and the highly colored imagery that characterized the poets and imaginative novelists of her time, her verse is now to be valued less for its appeal to our more critical *fin-de-siècle* minds than for its claim upon our human sympathies. We must read it, and her prose likewise, in the light shed upon both by her biographers, and that wide, warm circle of tried friends who united in testimony to her womanly worth. We seem often in danger of becoming too dry, too realistic, too ready to sneer at the essence of poetry as a folly of the past. It will not harm or weaken us, now and then, to breathe the atmosphere of a poetic soul, full of noble impulse, charity, and self-devotion, even while seeming to bewail only too sadly the ills of life with that exaggeration which all poets are guilty of. She sighed for love and sympathy rather than fame; and that is what we all, whether or not we may unite in our estimates of her labors, can well afford to give to the high-souled, brave-hearted, and richly gifted woman who for so many years, long ago, won and kept a place among the best English authors of her day under the name of "L. E. L."

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia.

* *Harper's Magazine*, about June, 1854, published a short story called "The Governor's Lady," evidently founded upon this tragic version of L. E. L.'s death. It is but fair toward Mr. Maclean to state that he, who has been accused of lack of due affection toward her, showed intense grief, and respect for her memory, wishing to continue to her mother the allowance promised by her daughter, though this offer was declined.

TRANSPLANTED.

It may be only a legend
The Eastern sages tell,
But the thought is so sweet and assuring
That I cherish it strangely well.

I am glad if the soul is a seedling,
That growing, ay, well as it may,
Must be now and again transplanted
Ere it blooms in Eternity's day.

I am glad for the chance of the starveling,
That the soul in the damp and the gloom
Trod down by the wheel and the grindstone,
May come to a beautiful bloom.

It lessens the shock and the heartache,
Things seem so unequal in life,
If this be one stage but of many
Where we grow by legitimate strife.

What is good for a man, who knoweth?
Is joy so much better than pain?
How the roots of the soul do but languish,
Ay, perish for want of the rain!

Not here is our life, but abiding
Serene in the Might that enfolds.
What matter the pain of the conflict,
If the hour but our triumph unfolds?

In the love of the Highest encircled,
Though passing through valleys of pain,
We're slowly, but surely, ascending
To blossom on heaven's high plain.

MARY J. WOODWARD WETHERBEE.

OUR CHURCHES.

III. CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES.*

At the corner of Brookline Street and Warren Avenue, Boston, stands a brick building, partly rectangular in shape, without architectural beauty, but attractive from its simplicity of plan and its evident purpose as a place for preaching. It contains a large audience-room, seating perhaps eight hundred people; and the gallery over the entrance will accommodate perhaps one hundred more. Below there are rooms for the Sunday-school, which can be used as a lecture-room, a ladies' parlor, a pastor's study, and the proper appointments for social gatherings. This is known as the Church of the Disciples. It was built in 1868, and represents the work done by Dr. James Freeman Clarke in Boston.

Before its erection this parish dwelt in Indiana Place Chapel; and at an earlier time it occupied the Freeman Place Chapel, to which it came from hired halls in the earlier days of its existence. It was founded on April 27, 1841, in the belief that there was room in Boston for a Unitarian parish † where the seatings should be free, and where the relations of the people to one another should be open, unaffected, and Christian.

The creed of the new parish was this: "Our faith is in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God. And we hereby form ourselves into a Church of his Disciples, that we may co-operate together in the study and practice of Christianity." These words comprise all the doctrines and conditions of membership in this parish; but from the first it had the characteristics of a free, honest, healthy, and hearty association of devout and right-minded people. With Mr. Clarke it was no new idea which he was formulating. He said, in a letter dated that year, of this plan, "I have been studying and preparing for it for years, and have full faith that it will be effective."

Long before 1841, all but two of the original churches in Boston had become Unitarian; and among the preachers then eminent in the Boston pulpit were Dr. Channing, Ezra Stiles Gannett, John Pierpont, F. W. P. Greenwood, N. L. Frothingham, S. K. Lothrop, Chandler Robbins, and Cyrus A. Bartol. Theodore Parker had then begun to preach at West Roxbury, but it was not until 1845 that he had the opportunity to be heard in Boston. Mr. Clarke had had some experience in missionary service in Kentucky, and had just returned to Boston to strike out a field for himself. The air was full of excitement in those days. Emerson and the *Dial* were in full blast, and every kind of reform was clamoring for a hearing. The Brook Farm experiment was in progress, and many persons were looking for the coming of the kingdom of God in Boston.

Mr. Clarke, while not expecting to do great things, gathered around him some of the choicest spirits among the Unitarians of that day, and determined to test the strength of their faith in a wider and freer organization than the Unitarians had yet attempted. The response to his call was generous and liberal. He did not ask for a salary, but was content with what the people chose to give him; and he began his services by preaching a series of doctrinal sermons in which the teachings of the Unitarian body were strongly set forth.

In 1849, his health was such that he was obliged to take a rest for four years, during which his people, not willing to disband, kept up their organization by their own ministrations, and were ready on his return to accept his leadership as they had done before. In this way Mr. Clarke gathered around him a choice company of people, men and women who had convictions of their own, and who represented the best elements of New England life and thought. He had a remarkable personality. His honesty and straightforwardness of mind secured the confidence of others; and his fidelity to his people secured their gratitude, while in his sermons there was some-

*From the Boston *Herald*, Feb. 16, 1896.

†In a letter to his sister, dated Jan. 7, 1841, Mr. Clarke wrote: "My object would be, not to form a congregation of Unitarians, but a church of Christ." It soon appeared that the Unitarian fellowship was wide open enough to welcome all such churches.

thing for them to feed on. Without being sensational, he gained his ends by a certain frankness of mind and heart that was irresistibly attractive.

From the time when this parish was founded until the day of his death it and its people had the first place in his mind and heart. He had the courage of his convictions; and, whether it was friendship for Theodore Parker, or speaking out against slavery, or standing up for an unpopular reform, he never flinched from his duty.

Some fifteen years before he died he told Rev. Charles G. Ames that he wished him to be his successor, and this request was renewed in the last year of his life. It was a call which could not be refused, and there was no one in the Unitarian body who in spirit and purpose came so near to Dr. Clarke's idea of what a Christian teacher ought to be. It is not known that the members of the church ever heard of the wishes of Dr. Clarke, but their own unanimous invitation reached Mr. Ames under conditions which he could not disregard.

The parish, though composed of an unusually large number of individuals, had always been like a family. There were no dissensions, no rival parties; but the people had been conspicuously loyal in their spirit, and without self-seeking. They had never allowed the left hand to know what the right hand did, and boasting among themselves was uncommon. The attachment which had been felt for Dr. Clarke found expression in a portrait of him which has been placed on the wall, near the pulpit, in the present place of worship; and every Sunday the memories of Dr. Clarke are mingled with the impressions produced by the present pastor. The service is simple, consisting largely of responsive readings, congregational singing, and errs, if it errs at all, in being too plain for the best promotion of the devotional life.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was a great friend of Theodore Parker, felt obliged when her children were young to take them to a place of worship where their habits of reverence might be cultivated, and found her home in the Church of the Disciples; but the simplicity and plainness of this worship are to-day too Puritanical for the age we live in. At the same time it must be granted that there is a homelike feeling in this parish which is one of its peculiar attractions. People like to go there, and the social spirit of the congregation is such that they go to stay.

The Church of the Disciples has stood for half a century for what is best in the social and religious life of Boston. It has been composed of some of the wealthiest and many of the poorest people; but the great bulk of the congregation represents men and women who are neither rich nor poor, who are intelligent, deeply earnest in the work of life, and active in good works about which they wish to say nothing.

No account of the Church of the Disciples as it is to-day would be complete which did not give a sketch of its present pastor, Rev. Charles G. Ames, whose personality is as distinct as was that of Dr. Clarke. He was born in Dorchester sixty-seven years ago, from which place, having lost both parents, he was removed when a mere child, to be brought up upon a farm until he was fourteen years of age. Then he came under the influence of a powerful revival among the Free Will Baptists. Being a youth of an ardent temperament and of keen intuitions, he embraced with great ardor the faith as it was then taught to him; and, when an opportunity presented itself for him to leave the farm on which he was brought up, and to become a printer at Dover, N.H., he eagerly accepted it. It was destined to be the stepping-stone to his education. It was while working at the printer's case that he felt the impulse to become a preacher; and, though having only a country school education, and unable to study to advantage, he pushed forward, and in the strength of his new convictions began to preach in the neighborhood of Dover when he was only eighteen. Then, gathering courage, he made his way to Northern Ohio, where there were villages in which Free Baptists were to be found. Here he enlarged his experience of life, and, living from hand to mouth, gradually made his way as far West as Minnesota, where he organized a church and remained for five years its pastor.

His training was not in the halls of a college, but in the rough and tumble of practical experience. He believed at first only what his little denomination had taught him; but his intercourse with men led to wider views and a desire to take a part in

the social and political questions which were before the people. These studies widened his point of view, and at length compelled him to give up his work because he could no longer affirm what he had taught. He longed for freedom, and in May, 1856, honestly and unreservedly gave up his church and went out, as Adam went out of the Garden of Eden, not knowing what was before him.

This was a dark and trying period of his life. He longed for truth and light, and was ready to follow it wherever it appeared. In three years he had found his way to Boston, and had enrolled himself as a member of the Church of the Disciples.

He little thought that thirty years later he would come to Boston as its pastor. It was evident that he must have a home in a liberal organization, but it was not with any denominational leaning that he accepted a place among the Unitarians. He had changed his religious belief while in the saddle, but his purpose in life was not different from what it had been before. He had reached the conclusion that the inspiration of God, acting through reason and conscience, must be as natural as life itself, and quite independent of intellectual opinions. Theology was to him not religion, but only a human theory about religion.

It was a great change through which Mr. Ames passed, gradual, honestly made, and with convictions deeply rooted in the nature of things. The difference between this change and his first change was that at first he loved God with all his heart, but had now learned to love him with all his mind, and to put the two together. Some of his conclusions at this period, as set forth in a series of lectures which he delivered several years ago in the Church of the Disciples, clearly indicate the character of his teaching to-day, and the secret of the remarkable hold which he has had upon the people to whom he has preached. One is that the light to show man the way to God must be in the human mind as instruction from some wise teacher or as the result of experience, and that true religion is simply man's share in the life of God. All truth that bears upon life has commanding authority, whether it comes from book, church, experience, or insight. Perceived truth is divine guidance, and on the human side there are no infallibilities. This was the basis of a new faith, constructive, not denying truth not understood, and ready to accept more when it is reached.

The result was that Mr. Ames found himself living in another world, and obliged to avoid sectarian developments. He must occupy a position that would be inclusive and catholic in the broadest sense, and in all these changes he desired to serve mankind along spiritual lines as a public teacher of the highest truth which he could learn. The new message was to him tidings of the fatherhood, the sonship, and the brotherhood as they are proclaimed in the ministry of Jesus, and that man is made in the image of God. He had looked for freedom, fellowship, and opportunity, and he found them in the Unitarian body. It is a saying of John Stuart Mill that "on all great subjects there is always something more to be said," and Mr. Ames was in a position to speak a further word according to the new light which he had received.

He found his opportunity in the vicinity of Boston, among the Unitarians, where he was heartily welcomed; and some of his platform utterances at this time gave great satisfaction to the Unitarian leaders, because they were unusually fresh and outspoken. This young preacher had formed his habits of thought upon Western models, not upon the pattern followed in Boston and Cambridge; and it was evident that there was more work for him in the West than in New England. He soon found his way to Bloomington, a small city in Central Illinois, where he was settled for several years over an earnest and liberal congregation. He did not like the name Unitarian, but was obliged to accept it as a partial designation. During his stay at Bloomington, which was not far from the home of Abraham Lincoln, he became greatly interested in the Civil War.

He did at this time three notable things. One was to preach a sermon on the death of John Brown. Another was to speak extensively on the war, once in Boston on "The American Experiment" in Music Hall. He, also, during the Lincoln campaign, made a strong address on "The Northern Responsibility for Slavery." He was always trying in the pulpit and on the platform to keep the spirit of our people up to the standard

of patriotic self-sacrifice. He spoke a hundred times in different places for the Union cause, sometimes with a feeling of responsibility, as if he were touching off a cannon, but never in a spirit of ill-will toward the South.

In the fall of 1865 he went, at the request of the Unitarian Association, to reconnoitre the religious situation on the Pacific Coast, where he stayed for seven years, and still further rounded out his experience of life in dealing frankly with the questions of home, social life, and public integrity, which needed settlement in that part of the country.

Not feeling equal to a pastorate in San Francisco, he returned to the East, and took charge of the Unitarian society in Germantown, near Philadelphia, where he remained until 1877, when he was called to take charge of the *Christian Register* in Boston, in which position he used his wide thought and large experience to great advantage. Then he returned to Philadelphia, and spent eight years in building up the Spring Garden Society, and trying to serve the best life in that community. During his ministry he has organized six religious societies.

He is the author of a form of covenant which has been adopted in substance by about fifty Unitarian churches, and which a Methodist bishop says will be "the motto of the Church of the Future." It reads thus: "In the freedom of truth, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man." Perhaps this is the shortest document of this kind ever drawn.

In 1889, on the death of Dr. Clarke, he was invited to be his successor in Boston, Dr. Clarke having fifteen years earlier said to him: "I want you to come to the Church of the Disciples when I am through. I do not know about your theology, but I believe that you would teach my people religion."

This statement of Mr. Ames's training and development through half a century is necessary in order to rightly estimate his position and that of the Church of the Disciples in this community. Few men have been more honest with themselves in matters of religious belief or used their freedom and opportunity to better advantage. Whenever Mr. Ames comes before the public, whether in the pulpit or on the platform, he has something to say. He speaks from the point of view of human brotherhood, and seeks to build up human life on the basis of the best that is in man; and it is the simple truth to say that he has filled a unique and important niche in the Boston pulpit. He has the fervor, the earnestness, and the warmth of feeling which express in unusual combination the spiritual and the intellectual element in human experience, and there is in his preaching the same touch of humanity which gave its rare attraction to the work of Dr. Clarke. It is easy to infer that the congregation of the Church of the Disciples are bound to Mr. Ames in strong sympathy and admiration. Though not a graduate of any college, he has always been an earnest and careful student; and his discourses, which are published every week in this city, are eagerly read by thousands of people.

His parish is unique in its way. It is supported, not by pew-rents, but by the voluntary subscriptions of the people; and its contributions are about $13,000 yearly. "Requiring no doctrinal condition of fellowship, it welcomes to membership all who aspire to share the sonship of Jesus to the Father and his spirit of brotherhood to humanity." On this basis it has been carried on for over fifty years; and, while it is not an organization which puts forth a great deal of missionary effort at the South End, it takes an unusual interest in many important directions. It in no sense lives for itself. Its members are among the most active men and women in the city in work for the benefit of the poor, the neglected, and those who need the helping hand, but a great deal of this service is rendered by those who make no talk about it, and it does not find any mention in the parish reports.

The Church of the Disciples also has a keen interest in promoting the larger social and intellectual life of its own members. The women who meet fortnightly as a branch of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women, numbering about a hundred persons, are this year studying the teachings of Emerson, managing each meeting so as to give different ones something to do, and making the whole season a source of intellectual and spiritual culture.

The Sunday-school is a model of its kind, Though not large, it is so managed as to be fruitful in substantial results.

Another organization is the James Freeman Clarke Club, which has been occupied with the study of Dr. Clarke's books, in connection with the writing of leading authors.

The Young People's Club is intended to interest these persons in literary and other subjects congenial to them.

The disbursements of funds for various benevolent purposes in and out of the Unitarian body is nearly $4,000 a year, and the spirit in which the people come to their place of worship and discharge their duties socially to each other is admirably presented in a memorial discourse preached at the Church of the Disciples by Mr. Ames, after the death of Mrs. Mary Hemenway, who was one of his parishioners. Mr. Ames says: "Here, in her chosen religious home, we have sacred memories to cherish. Hither she came on Sundays whenever she could, until faltering health forbade her to join the sisterhood in the meetings of the Alliance, and to listen with glowing face to the exercises was only a too infrequent indulgence. When one of the members read a paper on 'Reverence,' she begged leave to print it for circulation among the teachers. . . . The church was as sure of her loyal heart as of her helping hand. How many eyes have rested on her in love, as she moved to take a place in one of the free seats, because she was so simply and sincerely one of us. 'Our dear little church,' as she was wont to call it, will be dearer still to us all because she loved it; because she has shared in spirit and in truth our simple services of prayer and praise; because, with her high regard for all sacred realities, and her loving interest in the spread of a religion at once reverent and rational, practical and progressive, she yet cared as little as we do for sect, profession, or ceremonial."

If a man will be steadfastly consistent in the service of his heavenly Master, the world may laugh at his scruples; but it won't despise him in its heart of hearts: it will honor him. It will believe in him, and he will act upon it as the salt. But the world keeps its scorn for those religious people whose religion only makes them clever.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

THE BLESSED UNITY.

With soil and seed at one
The blossom's born;
But, blending not at all,
Death holds them both in scorn.

When birds and winds do mate,
The song's at flight;
But could they learn to hate,
O lost, O dead delight!

When violets wed the sun,
'Tis beauty rare;
But, when their loving's done,
Waste sadness everywhere.

O perfect Love Divine,
In my heart be!
Then will thy beauty shine,
Revealed in me!

Then will thy graces show
In all my ways,
As in the lily glow
The sun's pure rays.

So will my brothers learn
Thy tender grace,
With longings great will yearn
To see thy holy face,—

That face,—the heavenly sky,
So bright, so blue,
Where human hearts may fly,
Love-strong, love-true.

JOHN M. SCOTT.

LEADER OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.*

BY HON. T. F. BAYARD.

We have gathered here—many of us from lands far distant and beyond the great seas, and many more from English homes closer to the scene—to lay the corner-stone of a memorial church, which is intended to be a monument dedicated to the glory and worship of Almighty God and the loving memory of his faithful servant, John Robinson of Gainsborough-upon-Trent, in north-western Lincolnshire, who, not far from the spot where we stand, was born three hundred and twenty years ago, and whose body was returned to dust at Leyden, in the Netherlands, in the year of our Lord 1625,

* This notable address, delivered by Ambassador Bayard at the laying of the foundation stone of the John Robinson Memorial Church at Gainsborough, England, June 29, appeared in the *Congregationalist* July 30.

as is there recorded upon the mortuary tablet in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul in that city. Nothing, as it seems to me, could be less worthy and more unfit than to make this an occasion for the vain-glory of rhetoric, and by interposing the commonplaces of oratory and verbal decoration to deprive the noble simplicity of the life and character of John Robinson of its own native force and impressiveness. If we can only realize or imagine how the man himself would have felt, if living here to-day among us, we will be in a frame of mind which will better enable us to comprehend him and the lesson of his life, and appreciate the fruits of his works, which "do follow him." In such a spirit and with such intent I shall endeavor to say the few words which I have been asked to say by reverend ministers of the Congregational order in my own country,—a request seconded by the reverend ministers who represent the union of Congregational churches in Great Britain.

The Puritan Revival.

The "emancipation of England from Norman domination" I believe to be a just and true title and description of the spiritual movement of which, on the threshold of the seventeenth century, the scanty handful of simple agriculturists at the neighboring "townlet" of Scrooby, on the river Idle, near its junction with the Trent, was the nucleus, of which John Robinson became the pastor, and whose place of worship was the hall of the Manor House of William Brewster, who was born at Scrooby,—the only member of wealth in the congregation and a graduate of the University of Cambridge. Of the birth and parentage of John Robinson, whose exile began when he was thirty-one years old and was lifelong, there remains but vague history; for, owing to his enforced separation from this country, and the prelatical persecutions that at that time desolated the homes and families of all independent religious dissidents, but little has survived of documentary proof of the local and personal history of the period, so that I have not been enabled to discover even the names or residences of his progenitors or trace collateral relationships. Of his own career in England,—as afterward in Holland,—happily, there is no room for doubt; and his own hand has left the written record of his thoughts and labors in the cause of "soul liberty" and emancipation, which have borne such fruits in both hemispheres of the globe. That he himself styled Lincolnshire "his county," and there proceeded at the call of conscience, after he had withdrawn from his ministry in the national church at Norwich, may be held to fix that county as his place of birth. At the age of seventeen his name is found enrolled in the University of Cambridge, and on the register of Emmanuel College is entered as a sizar 2d March, 1592; took his degree M.A. in 1600, and B.D. 1607. I am aware that the register of Corpus Christi College also contains the entry of his name, —John Robinson, E. Lincolnshire, admitted 1592, and Fellow 1593,—and perhaps the date of his degree of B.D. in 1607 in the register of Emmanuel may leave an open question as to this last entry.

The Character of Robinson.

But he completed his terms at Cambridge, where his scholarship gained for him a fellowship and the highest honors that university could bestow; and he truly was, in the words of a contemporary, "learned, polished, modest, and not easily to be paralleled." We find that his four years of ministry at Norwich were filled with unrest and mental disquietude, and that in 1604 he withdrew to Lincolnshire, and there united himself with a congregation at Scrooby, who had constituted themselves into a church by a solemn covenant with God and with each other,—"to walk in his ways made known, or to be made known, unto them, according to their best endeavors, *whatever it should cost them.*" From Ashton's "Memoir of John Robinson," and annotations, I here transcribe :—

"Scrooby must henceforth be regarded as the cradle of Massachusetts. Here the choice and noble spirits, at the head of whom were Brewster and Bradford, first learned the lessons of truth and freedom. Here, under the faithful ministration of the pastors, they were nourished and strengthened to that vigorous and manly fortitude which braved all dangers; and here, too, they acquired that moral and spiritual courage which enabled them to sacrifice their

homes, property, and friends, and expatriate themselves to distant lands rather than abandon their principles, and yield to the attempted usurpation in the liberty of their consciences."

And let us not, I pray you, allow our sense of sympathy for such men to degenerate to the lower level of mere pity; for, indeed, they had that within them which placed them, in life, as it does their memories to-day, quite above and beyond the need of such an emotion. John Robinson and his coreligionists trod the wine-press of affliction; but they trod it with a lofty spirit, with the moral dignity of sublimated intent. They were filled with that joy which is born of a cherished conviction in its hour of oppression, and which seems for its perfection to need the sharp frosts of adversity, such as approaching winter brings to the American forest, giving tints of an autumnal beauty more exquisite than the luxuriance a summer sun can ever bestow. Such men never crept, but ever marched through life,—"*Anthropoi*,"—with heaven-erected faces, and heard ever singing in their hearts the clear, uplifting voice of judicial conscience, like a trumpet-call to the clear spirits; for they felt themselves soldiers in the cause of Truth, and heard her accents in every vicissitude. My dear countryman, James Russell Lowell, in a preface to a Life of Isaac Walton, a contemporary (although a little younger) of John Robinson, describes as the "sixth beatitude" that "the pure in heart shall see God, not only in some future and far-off scene, *but wherever they turn their eyes.*" And by this we may be able to comprehend what it was upon which the minds and hearts of these pilgrims and their pastor were fed, and upon what they turned their eyes and found cause for hope and cheerful courage in the dark hours of their persecution, adversity, and affliction. The religion of assent has its equal counterpart in the religion of dissent,—the obligation to do those things that we ought to do, and the equal obligation to leave undone those things we ought not to do.

Our Debt to Bygone Generations.

Is it not well to pause now and then on our journey, and consider the indubitable progress of civilization,—the actual moral outgrowth of the principles of Christianity and the consequent advance the world has made under it,—and how to-day we accept and enjoy, as a matter of course, the blessings and advantages of civil and religious liberty, giving but little thought to the generations who in bygone years toiled and suffered to secure them for us? How small the measure of our gratitude and infrequent our recognition of those who

"Beyond their dark age led the van of thought"!

On such a scene, and on such an occasion as this, well may the words of Whittier be repeated:—

> . . . "We lightly hold
> A right which brave men died to gain,
> The stake, the cord,
> The axe, the sword,
> Grim nurses at its birth of pain."

Consider the absolute and unquestioned religious liberty of the times in which we live and in those countries governed by the English-speaking races. And then go back three hundred years, and endeavor to realize here in England the condition of John Robinson and his little flock of coreligionists at Scrooby, asking only to be allowed to worship God and lift their hearts to him in such words and forms of supplication for his guidance and mercy as their needs of conscience and the instinctive hunger of the heart instructed them to pray for.

Individual Freedom the Root of Social and Religious Progress.

Conscience and reason were the underlying moral forces, then as now, at work; and from them was slowly evolving all social and political progress, at the root of which lay the recognition of individual freedom and "the equal right of every man to be unhindered by men in the fulfilment of his duty to God." Yet in those days, under the reign of James I.,—a pedantic bigot, well styled "a captain of arts and a doctor of arms,"—it was forbidden so to pray in England; and equally restrained were they from going out of England to pray in foreign lands. It was sought to enforce the royal claim to settle the world's theology by the will of a monarch,—to make the religion of the magistrate the religion of the people,—

and all individual freedom of conscience and mind was to be despotically coerced into unintelligent or hypocritical submission. The Christian religion was not based upon worldly power or property in any of its forms, but upon freedom of conscience; and the kingdom of God had been divinely declared to be within each human heart. The principles of such a system, of necessity and logically, brought into active exercise those qualities of mind and moral nature which were thus developed naturally and instinctively,—the muscles of the mind, which, like the muscles of the body, are educated into strength, and both obey the same inherent natural law of growth by use,—and thus it is plainly seen how liberty leads to strength and the health of the body politic. But the terrible and momentous issue was raised whether liberty of conscience was to be allowed, or were men to be forced into atheism, or become utterly irreligious, or compelled to a sacrilegious reception of the sacrament,—no true conversion, but the deadly sin of hypocrisy and the desecration of what is holiest.

A Tribute to the Dutch People.

When such an issue was framed, the morality of John Robinson and his associates, founded on religious principles, could not hesitate. And, as William Bradford has recorded, "being thus molested, and with no hope of their continuance there, by a joynte consent they resolved to goe into ye low Countries, where they heard was freedom for religion for all men." This was in 1607; and I will not recite the sad and well-known history of the arbitrary and cruel measures that were resorted to to prevent the departure of the congregation, and how finally, in broken detachments, distressed, despoiled, imperilled, by land and by sea, they came, after great hardships, together in Amsterdam, and in the course of another year were transferred to Leyden. And is not a tribute due, here and now, of gratitude and honor to the country which, in their hour of sore need, gave them welcome, protection, and generous toleration in an age of intolerance? The Netherlands was but a little patch of earth, rescued from the sea, warred over by man and the elements, without natural advantages other than those arising from contact with the sea, which was ever threatening to engulf them; yet in the seventeenth century this war-worn, weather-beaten strip had become the commercial centre of Europe, an asylum for the victims of religious persecution, and is one of the phenomena of history. A military eye would have sought in vain for strong natural positions,—no ranges of hills, no salient features for the combinations of resistance and the delivery of assault. The breastworks of Holland consisted only in the stout hearts of her people, sustained by conscientious conviction, animated by hope and calm reliance on that Power with whom the wisdom of this world is but foolishness. In a fearful struggle, lasting forty years, it had gained its own liberties, against desperate odds, with an unflinching and pertinacious courage never paralleled in the annals of history, had made its soil the grave of 300,000 invading Spanish soldiers, and compelled an expenditure by Spain of more than 200,000,000 of ducats in the futile effort to subjugate it,—the vain attempt to prescribe, as Motley says, "what was to be done in this world, and believed in the next." Taine says that in 1609 the Dutch Republic was two centuries ahead of the rest of Europe. Their idea was the organization of society for the public good, and this made them the instructors and civilizers of the modern world, and caused their country to become a haven of safety for the victims of persecutions for opinions' sake in France and in England. More books were printed in Holland in the seventeenth century than in all the other countries of Europe put together.

The Pilgrims in Leyden.

Unquestionably, the commercial freedom, the liberality of trade in the Dutch Republic, induced many Englishmen to transfer their energies and fortunes to that country; for all the branches of liberty spring from the same stock and gather strength from the same ideas. Commerce has ever been the great civilizer of mankind; for it not only teaches honesty, without which commercial dealings are impossible, but it makes intelligence essential. In Leyden the congregation remained eleven years, John Robinson having been admitted in 1615 as a member of the Leyden University,

pursuing diligently his studies in theology. It is noticeable that the same tolerant and generous welcome was extended to the Huguenot refugees, who equally found asylum in Holland; and a declaration recorded by Robinson contains the interesting historical fact: "Touching the ecclesiastical ministry—namely, of pastors for teaching, elders for ruling, and seasons for distributing the church contributions, as also for the two sacraments, baptism and the Lord's Supper—*we agree in all things with the French reformed churches.*" But, despite the liberty of conscience afforded by Holland, the English pilgrims were restless until they should again live under English laws, and that their children should retain the language and name of Englishmen. Their lives, too, were full of toil, and not of a kind to which they had been accustomed; for at home "they had only been used to a plain country life, and the innocent trade of husbandry."

The Voyage of the "Mayflower."

They felt themselves "constrained to live by leave in a foreign land, exiled from home and country, spoiled of goods, destitute of friends, few in number and mean in condition." They were undoubtedly in danger of becoming absorbed in the community around them, of losing their distinctive church organization, their national identity, their language and its traditions. And, believing this, John Robinson favored the settlement, and promoted the plan for their removal to the new colony beyond the Atlantic; and measures were taken to carry it out. He made it a condition precedent of the removal from Holland to Virginia that they should not be disturbed or injured in their new homes on account of their peculiar religious practices and opinions. Not without many delays and serious difficulties was the expedition fitted out; but finally, in August, 1620, the embarkation of the congregation took place at Delft Haven, in the "Speedwell," which was to meet her consort, the "Mayflower," at Plymouth, from which port, and on Sept. 6, 1620, the two little vessels set sail. I need not recite to you how they were compelled to return to port, because the "Speedwell" was thought to be unseaworthy; and the "Mayflower" proceeded alone, bound for the Hudson River, but by stress of weather was forced northward, and with her 101 passengers, men, women, and children, in stormy weather made her landing on Cape Cod on November 9. It was the intention of John Robinson to have followed, but circumstances prevented, and his death occurred a few years after; but in 1629 his sons John and Isaac, with the remainder of the Scrooby congregation, joined in the settlement in America in which his heart was so enlisted, but which he was destined never to see.

The Outcome of the Emigration.

It is clear and plain to us now that the departure from England of this small body of humble men was a great step in the march of Christian civilization: it contained the seed of Christian liberty, freedom of inquiry, freedom of instruction, freedom of man's conscience. "Like unto a grain of mustard-seed, which a man took and sowed in his field, which is indeed the least of all seeds, but, when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof." Little regard had John Robinson for worldly fortune, fame, or what goes by the general name of success. He deduced his duty from the profound principles disclosed to his personal conscience, enlightened by religion and founded on the moral order revealed to the world by the teachings and example of the Saviour Christ. His simple, unselfish, courageous life is illuminated by the principles of his divine Master, and therefore he still lives; and this is the origin of the edifice whose cornerstone we lay to-day. In his Memorials of Canterbury, Dean Stanley—a kindred spirit to John Robinson—asks:—

"Had the great Stephen Langton, the cardinal archbishop, been asked which was most likely to endure, the Magna Charta which he won from John or the shrine which five years afterward he consecrated in the presence of Henry III., he would, beyond all question, have said the shrine of Saint Thomas. But we see what he could not see,—we see that the charter has lasted, because it was founded on the eternal laws of truth, of justice and freedom: the shrine has vanished away, because it was founded on the passing opinion of the day,

because it rested in ignorance, which was gradually dissolving, because it was entangled in exaggerated superstitions which were condemned by the wise and good, even in those very times."

And the works, the name, the fame, of this simple pastor of a human flock, will endure; and generations yet unborn shall seek in this church a touch of his vanished hand, a scent of his fragrant memory, redolent as it is with the sweet odor of unselfish devotion to the service of God and loving kindness to his fellow-creatures.

John Robinson's Name and Character a Tie between England and America.

He had lived not quite fifty years when he was called back to God, and on March 1, 1625, he heard "the one clear call"; and, as was then written of him, "if either prayers, tears, or means would have saved his life, he would not have gone hence." John Robinson, a minister of Christ, died in exile and in poverty; and to-day two great nations are represented here in paying honor and respect to his memory and moral worth. His name and character create a tie between those who feel the kindred, not merely of a common language,—the mother tongue of both peoples,—but of the thoughts and feelings of which language is merely the clothing and the symbol; and out of these thoughts have grown convictions of mutual duty, from which we cannot detach ourselves if we would,—and, as I sincerely believe, would not if we could. The wide ocean he never crossed, and which lies between his grave and the colony he planted on the other side, has become a bridge, and no longer is a barrier, but serves to bring together the peoples of the two countries who share in love and sympathy in his life and work. His memory is a tie of kindred, a recognition of the common trust committed to both nations to sustain the principles of civil and religious liberty, of which he was a fearless champion, and under which has been so marvellously fulfilled the prophecy, "A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a great nation."

Life is a quarry out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete a character. *Goethe.*

THE CHURCH.*

Our church is our household of faith, in which God is the Father, and we his children, brethren one of the other.

This church accepts the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.

We meet to worship God in spirit and in truth, each striving to contribute somewhat in making the worship inspiring, enlightening, and strengthening.

We aim to deepen each other's faith in the spiritual and ideal life, to quicken and purify the thought of God dwelling in us, and to make clear to ourselves and others our filial relationship to God.

We come together, not for what we can get only, but also for what we can give, to help others as well as receive help ourselves. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.

EMERSON AS POET.

Mr. Emerson was once lamenting his fate in being only half a bard, not a poet, but a lover of poetry and poets, and merely serving as writer, etc., in this empty America, before the arrival of poets. Yet it seems that the forerunner (if we might use the word) had all the genius of the true prophet.

Lecturing was not the pleasure to him that poetry was; and Mr. Emerson was constantly resolving to withdraw from the public platform, and would have each time but for the necessity of alleviating the accumulating debts of the household.

As management, however, did not seem to increase his worldly goods, he writes, "My prudence consists in avoiding and going without, not in the inventing of means and methods; not in adroitly steering; not in gentle repairing." Thus was he obliged to reconcile himself to this expedient.

His love of verse was ardent, feeling that therein he could better express his thoughts in freer speech, and reveal to us thereby,

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* Suggested for the use of our churches.

more emphatically, the ideal truths within the rhythmical lines.

All of Mr. Emerson's methods were intellectual rather than scientific, resting in his intuitions, thus giving us this fragmentariness which often tantalizes our meagre intellects.

Mr. Emerson is seldom systematic, at times in his abstract manner making his paragraphs incomprehensible and indirect. The evolution of a theme is sometimes lost in its vagueness. He loved so to watch the play of thought that we often find ourselves winging our flight up and up, when suddenly looking about we wonder where the exit. In such fathomless depths or despairing heights the ordinary intelligence finds difficulty in penetrating these meanings. His innate wisdom perplexes us.

With his unparalleled views and impressions of Transcendentalism, he overlooks our incapacity to cope with and discriminate all relations of his, between these sheathed ideals and formulated facts. But we must come to him, not he to us.

It was not so much, after all, what Mr. Emerson said, or how he said it, as what made him say it. That gave him his position among those who influence thought. Thought is beyond the words which convey it. "His open vision of things spiritual across the disfigurements and contradictions of the actual" is marked of him. His insight is admirable, his truth precious; yet the root of his effect is his temper, hopefulness and serenity being indissolubly joined in this rare nature.

Matthew Arnold writes of Emerson, "This man of genius, visible to you in the flesh, speaking to your bodily ears, a present object for your heart and imagination. This is surely the most potent of all influences! nothing can come up to it."

He broke through the barrier of narrow, fixed ideas confronting him, and won an entrance for *new* ideas, thanks to his philosopher's insight.

It necessitates somewhat of the poet's quality to see with Mr. Emerson the truths he shows from darksome places, revealing to our sense the loveliness from the interstices of mere rough stone.

Although Emerson's doctrines were not generally accepted within the provincial precincts in which he lived, his poems were none the less sought for with great avidity. While at Harvard, in 1821 he was "class poet."

Through privation or bereavement he was the same serene philosopher ("persistent optimist," he said), bearing all with a sweet fortitude; and even at the death of his eldest boy, upon which he wrote the beautiful "Threnody," he says: "Alas! I chiefly grieve that I cannot grieve. Dear boy, too precious and unique a creation to be huddled aside into the waste and prodigality of things."

Matthew Arnold does not class Mr. Emerson with one of the legitimate poets. "His poetry is interesting," he says, "and makes one think; but it is not the poetry of one of the born poets. Emerson lacks directness and concreteness and energy, and in general his poems have no evolution."

However Arnold may think, or any other, it is enough for us to know that Mr. Emerson "did not die with all his music in him."

We cannot prize him too much, nor appreciate too highly one of our best American writers; for was it not Ralph Waldo Emerson who began the new era in American thought, and made a permanent addition to the highest literature of the human race?

JULIA DE WITT STEVENS.

THE WORTH OF A MINUTE OF TIME.

What is the worth of a minute of time?
To the artist it came as a priceless gift,
Something dropped from its fairy wings
As they fanned the air—of spiritual things.
He caught on his brush and worked in the drift
Of the glowing river, his picture's theme;
And the eyes which gazed on the canvas there
Saw a beautiful river sparkling fair
In the light of an artist's dream.
And hearts were touched and souls were stirred,
When the minute had flown as a swift-winged bird.

What is the worth of a minute of time?
To the hero it brought a challenge from Death
To fight for the life of a little child.
He answered her cry of terror wild,
And saved, with his last pained breath,
Her fragile form from the dark sea wave.
And the feeble life he had died to save
Was a power for good when the minute had flown
On gauzy wings to its distant home.

What is the worth of a minute of time?
To the poet it brought a precious thought.
Over and into the choicest words
He wove notes sweet as the song of birds.
And the lay that his soul had wrought
Found its way to a nation's heart,
And became of the people's life a part.
Men and women were moved to cry
To God, when the minute had long passed by.

What is the worth of a minute of time?
God only knows. As a gift from him
The minutes come on their glistening wings,
Bearing treasures of wedding rings,
Piloting death through shadows dim,
Bringing life to the laughing boy,
Giving sorrow to one, to another joy,
As swiftly they fly to the dear home nest,
'Neath the wing of Old Father Time to rest.

—MAUD L. COTTON.

Bemis Heights, N.Y.

WHAT IS MAN?*

Nov. 24, 1859, was the day upon which appeared Charles Darwin's epoch-making book on "The Origin of Species." At a meeting of the Linnæan Society in London in the preceding year a paper from Alfred Russel Wallace, who was engaged at the time in scientific investigation on the other side of the world, was read simultaneously with Mr. Darwin's announcement of his theory, showing that both naturalists had arrived at the same conclusion at about the same time. This was their conclusion: Species are not fixed. They are not special creations. Species arise from natural selection. In the struggle for existence which is continually going on in the animal and vegetable world, only those varieties of a given species that possess qualities which enable them to adjust themselves most perfectly to their environment survive. The fittest survive because they are fittest: the others perish. From varieties of these varieties gradually arise new species.

Neither Mr. Darwin nor Mr. Wallace originated the theory of evolution or development. What they did do was to show how in one particular realm evolution can and does take place. No one claims to-day that natural selection alone can account for all species, but neither does any one doubt to-day the importance of the factor of natural selection in securing the survival of the fittest. No scientist of any distinction any longer holds to the old theory of the special creation of species. The work of Mr. Darwin in 1859 wrought a revolution in modern thought which is only second to the revolution effected by the work of Copernicus in the sixteenth century. It has necessitated a reinvestigation into the origin of man.

Man, taught the traditional theology which prevailed up to that time, is a special creation of God. About six thousand years ago the Almighty fashioned a figure out of the dust of the ground in some such manner as a sculptor would mould a clay model. He then breathed into the nostrils of this figure the breath of life, and "man became a living soul." A garden was planted for this new being, and he was placed in it to dress it and to keep it. The animals were then created and brought before the man, in order that he might give them their proper names; for this first man was a being of perfect wisdom and holiness. But he had no mate. The man was alone. "And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, and he slept. And he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib which the Lord God had taken from the man made he a woman, and brought her unto the man."

The pair thus created and placed amid such favored surroundings, supplied with everything that heart could wish, were represented by the traditional theology as perfectly upright moral beings, supernaturally endowed with language and all wisdom. They were like God their Maker in "righteousness and holiness." Yet, at the first serious temptation, they fell into sin, and were driven out of the garden of Eden, and thereafter were constrained to labor for their bread. The earth was cursed for their sakes, and made to bring forth thorns and thistles and all ungracious things.

This naïve legend of ancient Hebrew literature has been embellished by traditional theology, has been taught the world as historic fact, and has actually been accepted as the basis of a philosophy of history. The fall of man therein described lies at the foundation of the entire traditional system of theology. Every theological term derives its significance from this event. Salva-

*By Rev. W. M. Brundage in "Some Things for which the Unitarian Church stands."

tion, redemption, the atonement, mediation, heaven, hell, have no significance whatever in the old theology except in the light of the fall of man. Salvation is the rescue of man from the consequences of the fall of Adam; redemption is the deliverance of man from the bondage of Adam's sin; atonement is the making one again of God and man, the reconciling of an angry God, who, because of Adam's sin, separated himself by a wide gulf from his fallen creatures; mediation, the coming in between an angry God and fallen man of one who brings them together; heaven, a new paradise for those who have been saved from Adam's fall; hell, the place of eternal torment for all the rest of humanity, for all who have not been redeemed. Jesus of Nazareth, in the old traditional theology, has little or no significance, except as the Saviour, the redeemer from the consequences of Adam's sin, the author of the atonement, the mediator between God and man, the one who holds the keys of heaven and hell.

But what do modern science and philosophy have to say about man and his origin? First of all, science relegates this story upon which the old theology is founded to the realm of pure legend and poetry whither similar stories of the other religions of the world have long since been relegated. Science treats man as a natural object, a part of nature, to be studied as such. He is classed zoölogically as a vertebrate animal belonging to the division of the mammalia and the order of the primates. He belongs to the highest family of this order, the Hominidæ, in which he is the sole genus and species under the title *Homo sapiens* man, the intelligent. Anatomically, he is distinguished from the other members of the order of primates by his erect position and by the remarkable development of his brain.

But, when we come to a true psychological classification, the problem is a vastly more intricate one. Psychologically, man differs from the lower animals by the possession of self-consciousness; by the possession of a fairly clear and well-developed sense of the difference between the right, as something that ought to be done, and the wrong, as something that ought not to be done; and, finally, by the possession of a certain moral freedom to choose between the right and the wrong. We see the beginning of moral distinctions in the lower animals, especially in the animals which are the friends and companions of man. But, so far as our present knowledge extends, "the power of introspective reflection in the light of self-consciousness," to employ the expression of Prof. Romanes, and the power of moral choice, begin with man. Of course, these began in the first man, very far back of the point of development which we behold to-day. But the beginning of self-consciousness and moral freedom mark an advance in the ascent of man somewhat similar, though perhaps more striking, to the advance marked by the beginning of sensitivity in the ascent of the animal world,—somewhat similar to the advance marked by the beginning of life in the ascent of the organic world. The higher ever grounds itself in the lower, and there is no real break in the process. "The slope of ascent," as Prof. Drummond calls it, "may be abrupt or gentle; but in any event it is nature's staircase."

Science, therefore, in tracing the development of man's body through the animal structures which are below man, and in tracing the development of man's mind from the faintest dawn of intelligence as manifested in the emotion of fear displayed by the annelids, though it frankly recognizes the difficulties of the process, though it does not shut its eyes to the incompleteness of the evidence, cannot but accept, as the only satisfactory working hypothesis, the hypothesis that the whole man is the product of the evolutionary process. Evolution, and not special creation, seems to be the divine method which operates throughout the rest of nature; and the evidence that man forms no exception to the law is cumulative, growing stronger every day.

Prof. Drummond, in his new book "The Ascent of Man," has recently only emphasized what Herbert Spencer has been teaching for thirty years, that even so spiritual and exalted a quality of character as loving self-sacrifice finds its earliest foreshadowings in the primitive forms of life. There is struggle for life and there is struggle for the life of others from the very beginning, egoism and altruism, the selfish and the unselfish; altruism, the unselfish quality, slowly but steadily gaining upon egoism,

or the selfish quality, all the while that man is being made.

So much, then, for the origin of man. The question immediately arises, Is there any way by which science can determine how long man has been upon the earth? Has he been upon the earth only six thousand years? Every scholar admits to-day that there are temples still standing in Egypt whose foundations were laid more than six thousand years ago. But the science of geology has assigned to man a much greater antiquity than that.

In the year 1841 a retired French physician, M. Boucher de Perthes, residing in Abbeville, in the valley of the Somme, discovered in the beds of gravel near his home the remains of extinct animals, such as the mammoth and the rhinoceros; and among these animal remains he found rude arrows and hatchets of flint which had very manifestly been shaped by a human hand. These gravel beds had been deposited in the quaternary period, when the river Somme ran at a level more than one hundred feet higher than it runs at present. Man, therefore, must be as old as these gravel beds. But the scientific world was very slow to recognize the significance of this discovery, for Darwin had not yet published "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man."

The discovery of Abbeville, however, was repeated elsewhere. Flint arrows and hatchets and other remains of human workmanship were discovered, not only in beds of gravel, but also in the débris of limestone caves, together with the remains of the mammoth, the cave lion, the cave bear, and the reindeer. Then human skeletons were found in similar positions. Thousands and thousands of these remains have been collected, and are distributed among the various museums of the world. The evidence has long since been complete. Six thousand years do not cover the period even of historic man. Prehistoric man, slowly emerging from the depths of savagery, can be traced back through the quaternary or drift period, which immediately preceded the historic period, into the tertiary formations, perhaps even into the miocene, the very midst of the tertiary period, tens and hundreds of thousands of years ago.

Man, therefore, did not appear upon this earth suddenly six thousand years ago, by a special act of creation, any more than did the lower animals. Man began low down in the scale of intelligence, at least thirty thousand years before the historic age. The possession of self-consciousness and moral freedom constituted him man, *Homo sapiens*, man the thinker; but yet he was capable of forming only the simplest conceptions. He was capable of working only in the rudest and simplest manner. We possess no remains of his workmanship; for, from the very nature of the case, nothing could come down to us until man had advanced far enough to begin to fashion rude instruments out of stone. His manners must have been as rude as his instruments, his language mainly the language of gesture and imitative sounds. Says Prof. Drummond, "The child who says 'moo' for cow, or 'bow wow' for dog, or 'tick, tick,' for watch, or 'puff, puff,' for train, is an authority on the origin of the human species." But, rude and imperfect as man was when he first appeared, there was in him the capacity to grow and develop into the man of to-day.

History, anthropology, and geology are thus agreed; and they have proven beyond peradventure that man's golden age was not in the past, that man was not created a perfect moral being, who immediately fell as soon as tempted and incurred as a penalty the loss of his perfection. Man, as a species, has never fallen, unless, as Henry Ward Beecher was fond of saying, "he has fallen upward." Individual men have fallen, individual men do fall whenever, in the conflict between the lower and the higher nature, they yield to the gratification of the lower. This, and this only, is the truth of human experience which lies at the heart of the story of Genesis. Jesus never recognized the fall of man. Man has ascended. Man has ever been struggling upward, struggling from the lower condition to the higher. There has been progress, growth, evolution, from the beginning.

Progress has not always taken place in a straight line. The progress of man has been like the progress of the incoming tide. Not every wave touches the highest point. There is retrogression as well as progress, but, on the whole, progress, ever progress, progress from the lower to the higher, progress from the incomplete to the more complete, progress from the less divine to the

more divine. Yes, progress there has been from the less divine to the more divine; for, be man's origin what it may, man is to-day what he is, what Jesus declared him to be, what the best thought of all religions has more or less emphatically declared him to be,—the son of God. The lower animals can all be defined in the terms of man, but man cannot be defined in the terms of the lower animals. Man possesses something more than they possess. The law of evolution is only the divine method of man's creation. It is the Infinite and Eternal Energy which has carried on this process, "the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed," the Infinite and Eternal Energy which is the ground of all finite being.

Evolution cannot do without God. Progress itself needs to be explained. Why progress at all? Why not retrogression, continuous and final? Materialism does not satisfy the thought of to-day. Materialism as a philosophy, attempting to explain mind, matter, the universe, God, in the terms of matter, is practically abandoned by the sober thinking of the world.

Man is the goal of the entire evolutionary process: physically, closely allied to the animal world from which he sprang, psychically he has grown, and is growing, further and further away from his animal ancestors. Modern science has not degraded man: modern science has ennobled him. "Not the production of any higher creature than man," says Prof. Fiske, "but the perfecting of humanity, is to be the glorious consummation of Nature's long and tedious work. Thus we suddenly arrive at the conclusion that man seems now, much more clearly than ever, the chief among God's creatures. On the primitive, barbaric theory, which Mr. Darwin has swept away, man was suddenly flung into the world by the miraculous act of some unseen and incalculable power acting from without; and, whatever theology might suppose, no scientific reason could be alleged why the same incalculable power might not at some future moment, by a similar miracle, thrust upon the scene some mightier creature, in whose presence man would become like a sorry beast of burden. But he who has mastered the Darwinian theory, he who recognizes the slow and subtle process of evolution as the way in which God makes things come to pass, must take a far higher view. He sees that, in the deadly struggle for existence which has raged throughout countless æons of time, the whole creation has been groaning and travailing together, in order to bring forth that last consummate specimen of God's handiwork, the human soul."

The radical change in man's thought of God, beginning when Copernicus discovered that the sun, and not the earth, is the centre of the solar system, completed by the splendid discoveries of science in our own day,—the radical change in man's thought of God has evolved a radical change in man's thought of man. It is in the law, and not in the fancied violation of law, that we discern the wisdom and power of God. It is in man's gradual development that we discern most clearly his divine origin. Out of the darkness of the past man has come into the light of the present. At one time only an animal engaged with his animal antagonists in the fierce struggle for life, he is to-day a self-conscious, moral, social, and religious being. Altruism is fast prevailing over egoism. Man the divine reaches out toward his fellow-men, and truly lives only in so far as he lives for others, only in so far as he fulfils his function in the social organism to which he belongs. Man the divine is a religious being, and is ever aspiring toward God, is ever seeking God even when he knows it not, is ever seeking the author and source of his being, seeking God because he needs God, because he is only perfectly a man in just so far as he shares the very spirit of the Eternal Father.

Much as man has grown, man is not yet complete, man is not yet perfectly made. Man has not "fallen," man is not "lost," man is incomplete. There yet survive in him traces of the tiger and of the ape. Who does not know within his own breast the struggle of the appetites and passions which were perfectly right and proper in the brute, but which must not gain the mastery in the man? Who does not know of this fierce struggle; and who has not been humbled again and again by the defeat of his nobler and better self? Who has not cried out in the agony of the struggle: "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" From the mastery of these lower appetites and passions, which he

inherits from the past, man must be saved before he can fully realize his divine sonship. To save man from this past is the purpose of all ethics and religion, is the purpose of the ethics and religion of Jesus.

This is the secret of Jesus, that only as we save others can we save ourselves, that only in loving self-sacrifice can I fulfil my own life. It was because Paul had grasped something of this secret of Jesus that he could answer his own question in these words, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Therefore in this noble, this exalted work of making man, of perfecting man, we ought all of us to be engaged. One day man will be fully made, man will be complete; and only then will it be possible to judge adequately and with absolute justice the workmanship of the Infinite and Eternal God. It is of that perfect consummation that Lord Tennyson wrote in one of his very latest poems those two stanzas entitled "The Making of Man":—

'Where is one that, born of woman, altogether can escape
From the lower world within him, moods of tiger or of ape?
Man as yet is being made, and, ere the crowning Age of ages,
Shall not æon after æon pass, and touch him into shape?

"All about him shadow still; but, while the races flower and fade,
Prophet eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade,
Till the peoples all are one, all their voices blend in choric
Hallelujah to the Maker. 'It is finished. Man is made!'"

PETRIE'S RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN EGYPT.*

The following account by Prof. W. Flinders Petrie shows what has been accomplished in Egypt the past season:—

Although Thebes has been so relentlessly plundered for ages past, and especially by antiquity hunters of this century, yet it has yielded many fresh results to the work of the Egyptian Research Account and my own private work this season. On one of the best known parts—the desert front on either side of the Ramesseum—four temple sites have been explored which were quite untouched before; and seven temples in all have been completely cleared. We see, therefore, how much yet remains to be done by systematic research in even the best known and most obvious sites. Taken in historical order, the following results have rewarded our work:—

XIIth Dynasty.—A fine tomb of a priest, Sehotepabra, underlies the brick galleries of the Ramesseum. It had been entirely plundered and reused, but the brick passage leading to it is lined with paintings in good condition. These have been completely copied in full-size colored facsimile by Miss Pirie, and are valuable as being the only example of painting of this age at Thebes.

XVIIIth Dynasty.—The funeral temple of Amenhotep II. was discovered north of the Ramesseum. Some large brick tombs—one of a priest, Tahutinefer—stood on the rise of rock. On these Amenhotep II. built his temple. Amenhotep III. altered it, adding a colonnade in front, the foundations of which are of his grandfather's sculptures; and thus it was adapted for Princess Satamen. This fell into disuse, and was occupied as a school for young sculptors, whose trial pieces remained. In the XXIIId Dynasty a great brick tomb, with wells, was built over it. The piling and interpenetration of the building of all these periods, of which but a small amount remains, made this a confused site. Of the first temple we have foundation deposits of Amenhotep II., and a fine seated granite statue of his, unhappily headless. Manetho is brilliantly vindicated. He assigns twenty-six years to this king; but, as no monumental dates were above five years, the short chronologists scorned him. A wine-jar, however, bears the name of the king, and is dated in the twenty-sixth year.

The funeral temple of Tahutmes IV. was found south of the Ramesseum. This had been a very fine building, the great court having a triple colonnade at the sides, and the portico being a double colonnade. It was completely destroyed by Ramessu II., only the bases of some columns and a few foundations remaining. The foundation deposits were all thrown out, and the in-

*From an article in *Biblia*, June, 1896.

scribed stone which had covered one of them was found in the Ramesseum. The bricks were also used in that later temple. Some fragments of colossi limestone were found, including the lower half of the king's face. Below the temple was a large reused tomb, containing a mass of burials, which from their position were contemporary with the temple. A collection of eighty skulls, all of one age and rank in life, were thence secured. They vary much in form. The great temple of Amenhotep III. behind the colossi was not included in my permission; but I found more sculptures of it than could probably be obtained on its actual site. Merenptah had ruthlessly looted it of everything movable to build his temple behind it; and broken-up statues, sphinxes, tablets, etc, were thrown into the foundations to support the walls built of the fine blocks, which were turned round and recarved. We thus found that an avenue of colossal jackals had led to the temple, each with a statue of the king between the paws, and resting on an inscribed base with a cornice. They were thus exactly analogous to the ram-avenues of Karnak. Of statuary there were pieces of a colossal group of Amen and Amenhotep, and of a sphinx whose head was five feet across, besides smaller sphinxes, all in hard limestone. Two steles are now removed to the Gizeh Museum. One of limestone, over six feet high, shows the king offering to Amen, and a double scene of the king in a chariot driving over a group of the northern nations, and again over a group of southerners. The work of this is very fine, and the composition unique. The other stele is the largest known in granite, and of magnificent polish. It is ten feet three inches high and five feet four inches wide, with a scene of the king offering, and an inscription of thirty-one long lines below, concerning the offerings to Amen. This was largely erased by Akenhaten, and re-engraved by Sety I., who added a line recording his restoration.

Amenhotep III. also rebuilt the small temple of Uazmes, as we found a ring of the king under the great door-sill. Probably of this date is the bust of an exquisite statue of a queen, in hard limestone, found in a small chapel behind the temple of Amenhotep II.

XIXth Dynasty.—The funeral temple of Ramessu II., so familiar as the Ramesseum, would perhaps be thought well known enough; but a great work remained to be done there in clearing all the brick galleries around it. This has been the special affair of the Egyptian Research Account, and Mr. Quibell has had it in hand the whole season. The foundation deposits of the temple were discovered, and great quantities of ostraka, etc., of the same date. Besides these the galleries yielded dozens of burials of the XXIIId Dynasty, having been much divided into funeral chapels at that age. These were plundered anciently; but much valuable material has been obtained, the cartonnages giving many genealogies of royal relatives. The front court of the temple proves to have had Osiride colossi along the sides of it; and the construction of the whole temple and buildings around it is being completely planned. An earlier building has stood here, apparently; for in the axis of the court, at a very low level, a drum of a column of earlier work was found *in situ*. The whole site behind this had been used for a cemetery before the temple was built.

The funeral temple of Merenptah has been often attributed to Amenhotep III., owing to all the material having been plundered from the temple of the colossi. Some work remains of the later king. A large slab indicates a Sudan war by a procession of negro soldiers; the upper half of a colossal statue in black granite has preserved for us the finest portrait of Merenptah, with the features quite intact; and the great black granite stele of Amenhotep III. was built in, with its face in a wall, and carved on the back with a scene of offering, and an inscription of twenty-eight long lines. Altogether this stele bears about six thousand hieroglyphs. This later inscription describes the defeat of the Libyan king, and mentions the destruction of many places in Syria,—above all, the crushing of "the people of Israel." Of the transliteration of the name there can be no doubt: that Merenptah about 1200 B.C. left "the people of Israel without seed" is now a fixed point for Bible criticism. But how this is to be adjusted to our other authorities will be a matter for much discussion. I hope to treat it at length in a magazine next month. Until then I would ask students to withhold

their pens, so that they may consider the text as a whole before they commit themselves.

The foundations of the funeral temple of Queen Tausert were discovered, with extensive deposits, in the sand. Five hundred scarabs and plaques, and twelve hundred objects of offering, all in colored glaze pottery, were found in this one site. The form of the name is new; but, as the historical evidences show that it must belong to the age of this queen, and the cartouche can be read as hers (beneath its forced imitation of Ramessu II.), we can hardly refuse to see in this her temple begun before her marriage.

The similar foundations of Saptah's temple, with similar deposits, but poorer in quality, were also found. No trace of Tausert occurred here; but each deposit contained a slab with the cartouches of the king, another with the name of the chancellor Bai, and also rings and cartouches of Bai.

Of later times Ramessu III. had rebuilt part of the Ramesseum galleries. Chapels were arranged in them in the XXIId–XXIIId Dynasty, of which many pieces of wall-painting remain, and much cartonnage, bead work, thousands of ushabtis, and a great alabaster pan inscribed for a royal grand-daughter were obtained. A prominent bit of brick wall standing high on the south of the Ramesseum was part of a large tomb, which proves to belong to Khonsuardus, chief goldsmith of the temple of Amen in the XXVth Dynasty.

Though all the royal monuments go by agreement to Cairo, yet there is an encouraging amount of material to come to England, which will probably be exhibited at University College in July. The good results thus obtained in history by the recovery of these temples, and especially by the great inscription of Merenptah, should encourage the public to forward such enterprise, especially when directed to small sites of importance like those worked this year. The whole cost of these discoveries are under a thousand pounds, which will be mostly covered by the value of the objects secured for our museums.

Have something to do, something to love, something to hope for.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.*

Restless the Northern Bear amid his snows
Crouched by the Neva; menacing is France
That sees the shadow of the Uhlan's lance
On her clipt borders; struggling in the throes
Of wanton war lies Spain, and deathward goes.
And thou, O England, how the time's mischance
Hath fettered thee, that with averted glance
Thou standest, marble to Armenia's woes!
If 'twas thy haughty daughter of the West
That stayed thy hand, a word had driven away
Her sudden ire, and brought her to thy breast!
Thy blood makes quick her pulses, and some day,
Not now, yet some day, at thy soft behest
She at thy side shall hold the world at bay.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

TWO DEVOTEES.†

Of the incongruities that jostle each other on the world's highways there is no end, but of a single incident, suggestive of more than a momentary reflection is it my present purpose alone to speak. The stage was that most neutral of all platforms, the deck of an ocean steamer moored behind the breakwater in the harbor of Colombo. In the morning there came on board a fine young English woman, accompanied by a clever-looking Singhalese, whom she called her "lieutenant." The white woman was plainly, yet not ungracefully, attired in the folding costume of the country, her head protected by a broad-brimmed sun-hat. It was an effective local adaptation of the uniform of the Salvation Army. The woman was plain as to her lower features; but her upper face was strangely illuminated by a pair of calm, compassionate hazel eyes, placed wide apart, well opened, and set under a shapely and well-expanded forehead. Had she needed any further voucher for her sincerity of purpose, her voice and speech, soft, musical, and modest, would have supplied the want.

The avowed object of the lady's visit—she was all that is conventionally understood by that term—was to obtain donations for

*The above noble poem was written by Mr. Aldrich after reading William Watson's sonnet "The Purple East," and appeared in the *Century* for July.

†This interesting view of an incident in religious life appeared in the *Spectator*, Aug. 8, 1896.

her work with such indirect proselytizing as might, in an unobjectionable way, fall from her earnest narrative. Addressing, one by one, the few passengers who were lounging on deck waiting for the breakfast-bell, she explained what her mission was and how it was succeeding. She had been two years in India, which she found very trying to health; and now she had come to Ceylon "to stay." The most characteristic thing about their *modus operandi* is the way these missionaries seem to let themselves down to the level of the natives of the country, living in the same hovels, eating the same food, and denying themselves what must be considered the necessaries of life to the European settler in tropical countries. Hence the life of a female missionary of the army in India is reckoned shorter than that of a Sheffield saw-grinder. By such means the Salvationists put themselves in touch with the daily life of the extreme poor, interesting themselves in their domestic and rural concerns, learning their dialects sympathetically, and so winning their hearts and gaining a moral ascendency over them. The identity of the missionaries is so lost in their familiar intercourse that the natives never realize that the strangers have crossed wide oceans to reach them. In Ceylon they assume Singhalese names of polysyllabic proportions, and by these alone are they traceable in the local directories. In addition to their "spiritual work" the missionaries train the young people in many useful arts, inspiring them with the desire for a better life even in the present world, and fitting them to live up to these desires.

The lady declared herself to be perfectly happy, as well she might be, in the success of her work. Accepting, with modest grace, the irrepressible compliment which such success elicited, she summarized, in answer to hurried questions, the visible results of the missionaries' influence, as the abandonment of devil-dancing, of drinking "toddy," and of wife-beating. Notable reforms, indeed, worth the price at which they were obtained. Doubtless had time permitted a fuller expression of her views, the lady would have enlarged on the spiritual fruits of her labors, besides which the social and domestic virtues themselves would pale like candles before the sun. She did lay serious stress on change of heart, which lay at the root of all reform in conduct, and was enthusiastic in declaring the state of holiness as being within reach of those who would believe and try. Asked how the Salvationists justified their poaching on the preserves of the older missions,—a charge freely made against them,—the lady claimed that they only went to the lost and neglected, gleaning after the reapers, so to speak. And, as to the "corybantic" methods of the army? Well, people needed some excitement, and music was an innocuous means of letting off the steam. The tom-tom of the Salvationists, in short, was an improved substitute for devil-dancing. The great thing was to get people "saved." Admitting, indeed being calmly assured of the fact that her own brothers and sisters at home were not "saved," she trusted God to look after her relatives while she carried the message to the brothers and sisters of the benighted people beyond the sea.

But the formulæ of conversion and salvation are too trite to be recounted here. And it was only a certain novelty of situation and of juxtaposition that lent an interest to the present case. For on the broad deck of the same Liverpool steamer a few hours later there appeared another lady,—a Burmese,—who had also consecrated her life to piety, no less enthusiastic, no less sincere, no less confident than her English sister. Yet, were the two confronted, the aim of each would be to convert the other from the error of her ways,—to "save" her, in short. The second lady was a Burmese Buddhist nun, of fifty years, accompanied by a neophyte of about twelve. This woman also had a fine open face, intelligent and honest, with sparkling eyes when animated with talk, and a neat, small, round shaven poll. She was returning to her own country from a two years' pilgrimage to the holy places in India and Ceylon, of which she claimed to have visited twenty. From each of these spots, sacred to Buddhists, she had brought away, like Naaman, some earth with other relics, such as leaves from the pepul-tree, and was carrying the whole to Burmah, where a pagoda would be erected for the exhibition and preservation of these precious memorials. She anticipated no difficulty in collecting subscriptions for this purpose, for the Burmese are pre-eminently a devout and generous people. This good lady had been

married; but, losing her only son when she was twenty-six, she was overwhelmed with grief, and thereupon resolved to dedicate the rest of her life to the service of God. So, relinquishing all her property to her husband, she left him, and entered on her religious novitiate. She has a brother a priest, and her mother before her had taken the veil. So she had evidently come of a religious stock.

The Burmese lady's reflections on the lax state of religion in Ceylon were not wholly without analogy to those of the austere Salvationist on the easy life of the more luxurious of the Protestant missionaries. They were careless, these Ceylon Buddhists, and slovenly, lacking in due reverence for sacred things. Illustrating her meaning, she would by an expressive gesture of her hand show the ill-mannered way in which the Ceylonese would make an offering of rice to the priest, and said they would think nothing of lighting the altar candles with anything that came to hand, such as a rag torn off the edge of their own cotton garments. Compared with Burmah, religion had fallen into a low and disordered state in Ceylon. What is noteworthy, too, is that this Burmese lady travels without purse or scrip, trusting to the benevolence of the faithful to pass her on from one point to another. But she had to remain five months in a nunnery in Ceylon while collecting the forty rupees required for her steamer fare to Rangoon. She reads and studies much. When asked whether her faith did not sustain a shock when she saw the veritable objects which are described with such wealth of hyperbole in the Burmese sacred books, she deftly explained away the discrepancy in the familiar tone of the apologist, saying that no doubt in ancient times the buildings, trees, etc., were really as described in the Scriptures, but that in these modern days it was natural to expect that the trees should have degenerated; and buildings, of course, have become dilapidated. Thus easily did the pious soul bridge the chasm between the mystic and the real which racks the consciences of so many seekers after truth in the midst of our more worldly civilization.

Her sole complaint of the accommodation of the steamer was the absence of convenience for serious meditation and for prayer, of which she stood much in need. The novice, too, was rather a thorn in her side, being, though clever, of a refractory temper. She resolved, however, to be patient with the girl, even as God had been with herself. And maybe the small trials she had to endure would be helpful in fitting her for the blessed consummation of all her hopes, —Nirvana.

Here there were in close neigborhood two most antithetical saints,—one representing the elaborate and revered ceremonial of an ancient religion that has made of its agnostic founder a deity; the other representing the crude formative stage of what may in its turn also become a religion, but whose ritual has scarcely as yet got beyond the blue uniform and the big drum,—two women walking the world of sense with their heads erect in the serener atmosphere of another; the salt of the earth, both of them; travelling—who can doubt it?—toward the same goal; each indeed carrying about with her an envelopment of heaven; both given up wholly to the service of God; and both entirely at one as to the central necessity of a "clean heart." Yet such is the partiality of their intellectual grasp, their defective appreciation even of their own selves, that, were they to be shut up in a room together, they would probably set to work earnestly to destroy each other's belief and to condemn each other's practices. Though, to an impartial observer, they may be hastening to the same end, whatever and wherever that common destiny of theirs may be, they would cheerfully consign each other, being impenitent, to the bottomless pit. Of the Christian woman at least so much may be safely said, because, as the less educated, she would be the less tolerant of the two.

TRAINING A JESUIT.

A remarkable article in the *Nineteenth Century* under the above heading is commented upon by the *Spectator*, from which we quote:—

"In training a Jesuit, nothing is omitted during nearly twenty years of hard mental labor which could contribute to equipping the Jesuit for his campaigns in the world. But, in spite of that, it is a bad training.

Athletes who are overtrained get what is termed 'stale.' They practise till all the 'go' leaves them, and they become incapable of getting the highest amount of force out of their bodies. The mind and soul may also get 'stale' from overtraining, and we expect that staleness is a mental malady from which the Jesuits often suffer. It is this staleness from overtraining which has made them liable to the charge of being mechanical, formal, stony, and hard in the matters of the spirit. Here is an account of the obedience practised by the Jesuits:—

"At the end of two years the young Jesuit takes his first vows, and ceases to be a novice. The special object of his life in the noviceship has been to train him up in that spirit of implicit and unquestioning obedience which is the aim of the Society of Jesus to cultivate more than any other virtue in her sons, simply because it is the virtue that underlies all the rest, and without which no other virtue can attain its full perfection in the soul of man. The routine of monotonous and often apparently useless employments has for its object to foster the habit of what is rightly called blind obedience. The novice is taught to obey his superior without ever questioning the wisdom of the order given. The perfection of Jesuit obedience includes not only the obedience of the will, so that he does what is commanded promptly, bravely, and thoroughly, but also an obedience of the judgment, so that he regards what is commanded as the best thing possible for him. Here it is that Jesuit obedience differs from the obedience practised generally by a good subordinate in the world. In the army or in a house of business blind obedience is necessary to efficient action. No well-ordered system could be carried on successfully without it. If the subordinate obeyed only where he approved of the wisdom of the command given, the results would be fatal to any well-organized community. It is the habit, the difficult habit of abstaining from any mental criticism of the order given, that is the distinctive feature of the obedience of the Society of Jesus. When still a secular, I once encountered an officer in the army who had been for some time in the noviceship, and had left because he found the obedience required too much for him. I took occasion to ask him how it was that he who had been accustomed to the strict discipline and rigorous obedience demanded of a soldier could not endure the gentler rule to which he was subject as a religious. 'In the army,' was his answer, 'you must do what you are told, but you can relieve your feelings by swearing mentally at your colonel; but you cannot do that in the Society of Jesus.' At the same time the obedience of the society is a perfectly reasonable obedience. I need scarcely say that in the impossible or almost impossible case of a command being given, which could not be obeyed without sin, the Jesuit would be clearly bound to disobey. In the case of the order given being manifestly a foolish one, obedience does not require that it should be regarded in itself as wise or prudent. If the matter is one of any importance, it is his duty to represent to the superior the undesirable consequences that seem to him likely to ensue from the carrying out of the order. Every superior has certain advisers, to whose opinion he is bound to give special weight; and the representation can be made either directly to the superior by the person receiving the order or through one or other of these advisers. Every subordinate has also the right of appeal to some higher superior, and such appeals always receive full and careful consideration.

"But surely there is a contradiction here. If the Jesuit must abstain from mental criticism on an order, how can he possibly tell whether it is sinful or no? Is it sinful to lie? We presume all Jesuits would say it was. Suppose an order is given by a superior which involves the telling of a lie. In that case the subordinate Jesuit ought to disobey. But he cannot tell that the order involves falsehood unless he uses the faculty of mental criticism. But this he must not do. It is a vicious circle. You cannot avoid obeying sinful orders unless you allow the critical faculty to work. Here is the danger of the obedience which is symbolised by the motto '*Perinde ac cadaver.*' No man has a right to render that sort of obedience save to his own conscience."

THE REVEALING DARK.

From heaven did the Lord behold the earth; to hear the groaning of the prisoner; to loose those that are appointed to death.—Ps. cii. 19, 20.

A pulse of Thy life in an acorn cell
  In the earth's dark prison thou hidest away
For only thus can thy thought of an oak
  Come forth with the wildest storms to play

A beautiful thought thou dost make to dwell
  In the loathely worm that creeps and dies
For only thus canst thou wake on earth
  Thy lovely dream of the butterflies.

A lullaby of thy tenderest love
Is in silence dark 'neath a bird's warm wing;
For only thus can thy gladness come
To comfort our hearts as thy thrushes sing.

Thy beautiful thought of a child, I know,
In me and my evils is hiding deep;
And thy tenderness yet in some endless day
Will awake it from all this dreadful sleep.

Forever thou hidest thy beautiful things
In prisons and deaths and sad defeats;
For only thus in its countless ways
Thy being its glory of love completes.

Thou who art the creative life of the universe, art good; and kindness is the motions of thy life living to bless. Only goodness keeps the stars alight, and the earth in the happy paths of its changing seasons. Only love can create. Hate is a destroyer, and anger blights. The beauty and order of the creation, the life of it, convinces the heart that love is the "centre and soul of every sphere," the life of everything, the truthful genius that perfects the grain of sand, and alike the star. Thou art life, for only life can beget life and keep the countless hearts at their busy tasks of beating tender and true to all they are. Death has not power to do a deed of life: itself is but the shadow of the diligent, tender life. Thou art joy; for the motions of life is gladness always, whether in the wing of a gnat or the beating heart of a man. Thou art holiness, for only the perfection of truth can hold together these creative acts in the integrity of their natures. Everywhere there is some goodness, vocal in inspirations to convince the heart that thy chiefest joy is to bestow life, thy glory of being to serve thy creation in every kindly helpfulness.

And yet the presence of evil baffles the loving heart that holds thee good and kind. Into the sunny faith that thou art an everlasting love the fact of evil comes as a shadow, and sometimes the shadow for us deepens into night. The mists of death that are everywhere get into our eyes, so that we cannot see that life reigns in an eternal gentleness. The clamorous selfishness among all lives that live, the human, and those that share the world with us, makes us deaf, so that we cannot hear through the din the still small voice of the creative unselfishness. The cruelties of men dumfound us, and we have no speech to say that thou art always kind and good, an everlasting heart of love flowing through all things, disturbing us with "a sense of elevated thoughts" on whose heights "lie repose."

And yet through these experiences there is a persistence of thy love that compels the old sunny faith again, even as through the clouds of storm the sun insists upon blessing the earth until the peace of renewal fills all the fields, and through the nights comes with its dawns wherein all silent birds awake and sing. In spite of all the seemings, in spite of ourselves sometimes, we believe that thou art good, and that thy tender mercies are over all thy works, that from thy holiest heavens thou dost behold the earth, to hear the groaning of the prisoner, and to loose those that are appointed to death.

Where we cannot trace thee, we trust thee, assured that thy finished creation will honor the tenderest heart and glorify the most perfect wisdom. Thou hearest the groanings of the prisoners of sin, and will yet bless them in a great freedom, even the freedom of rejoicing holiness. Upon these appointed unto death thou thinkest tenderly, and hast made for their feet some ways of eternal life. No lily fades without thee, the beauty in which it may experience a dearer fulness. No sparrow falls in death without thee, the Life in whom it may experience a diviner life. No human soul goes into the shadows without thee, the Light in whom is resurrection and life.

Thou dost imprison a beautiful thought in the worm that creeps, in the chrysalis that lies motionless, but only so that thou mayest actualize that thought in the resurrection of butterflies that take the flowers with sinless wings. In these human evils and sad limitations thou dost imprison a great human beauty thy tenderest heart feels, but only that thou mayest realize it in noble men and women who take thy perfect heavens in the joys of holiness. Thou settest a great thought in an acorn that must die in the dark and damp of earth, but only because thou must so bring forth thy reality of an oak to glorify the valleys and the hills. In these human darknesses and deaths thou hast put a great glory of human-heartedness, for so alone can thy heavens fill with the human goodness that will add to its great glory. All shadows evidence the light. Every prison is the pathway into liberty.

Every death is the deepening shadows of resurrection. Every evil is but the creative destructions of the hand of goodness. In earth heaven roots for its blossoms and its fruits.

This is the faith that abides in us, the changelessness in the midst of the change, the comfort that can sing out the sorrows, the good that can overcome the evil, the life that is the master of death, the kindness that makes the wasting cruelties bring forth the gentle fruits of love!

For this faith we thank thee, Master in love and in life. In the remembrance of all thy goodness it brightens. In the hopes that fill our sky it sings. In all noble and unselfish life it becomes experience, its dream awake, its unseen become the seen. In no far heavens art thou lost; but ever thou dost behold thy earth, ever dost thou abide in it to hear the groanings of the prisoners unto their liberty, and to bring those appointed unto death into the life of which death is but its birth.

Thou canst knit the broken wing
  And end the troubled flight;
My sorrow-silenced voice may sing
  When such is thy delight.
And thy summer love-winds blow
  Across my snow-clad heart,
Till come my birds, my blossoms blow,
  And all my grasses start.

Thou canst so come forth in me
  A creation clean and new
That all I say and do and be
  Is just thyself come true,
My life thy holy tune,
  And thy heart satisfied,
As when a bird at song in June
  Delights his nesting bride.

Thou canst win through me a place
  For thy love's conquering,
Thyself become a human face,
  A human voice to sing
Thy song through all my earth,
  In life's divine increase,
Achieving holy worth
  That's saying, Mercy, peace!

I yield me to thy love
  That thy truth within me shine,
That thy human heart above
  Make my human heart divine;
For of love there is no lack,
  And its human grace in me
Is saying grace and mercy back
  And peace adoringly.

When thy truth my loving fills,
  Then the holiest life I dream
May flow from out my hills,
  A clear and laughing stream.
When thy love's within my own,
  All its graces in my ways
Turn the voices that make moan
  Into voices that sing praise.

Oh, live within my soul,
  As within the rose the sun,
That my being's perfect whole
  Be thy beauty—willing done,
That thy heart, mine own heart's grace,
  Make the earth divinely fair,
Thou lost in no far heavens of space,
  But living everywhere.

PASTOR QUIET.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN HISTORY.

BY J. S. LEE, D.D.

There is a charm in history. It is felt by all minds who delight to trace the career of man in all his devious passages along the track of ages. They are instinctively drawn to him by the ties of kinship. It has been felt by men of all ages and all climes since the record of the past has been unrolled to their enraptured vision. To most persons, perhaps, it is a secret charm, enjoyed, but not expressed, hidden away amid the workings of the mind in its eager search for something new and startling on the stage of the world. It is a charm akin to that experienced by the reader of novels or poetry, as he glides along the purling streams and treads the dark and dreary ravines of human life or traces the labyrinthian thread of human destiny on through all its windings. They do not reason or speculate like the logician or the philosopher: they simply see and enjoy what is presented to their eyes. They passively and dreamily receive what passes before them, and linger over the scenes with ecstatic joy.

Others, under the spell of the same charm, trace history with the keen, observing powers of the experienced traveller, who uses his judgment and faculties of reflection as well as his eyes, or with the introspecting view of the poet, who "gazes from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth again," unlocks the secrets of nature, or with the dramatist searches into the depths of the

human heart, and brings out to view its cabals, its hidden plots, its varied motives, and unfathomed depths of sorrow and joy. Both feel the charm, but in unequal degree.

Now, why is history such an "enchanted land," in which we see beauties strewn all over its attractive surface? It is because it presents *man* as the chief object of our attention, man a living being, our brother, and fellow-heir of immortality. It paints his career in his toils, his privations, his strivings, his joys and sorrows, his defeats, and his triumphs. It depicts him contending for the faith, manfully battling with error, and overturning the hosts who have set themselves up to oppose the progress of truth, and finally settling down to enjoy his victories. It has its dramatic features, also; and, so long as Shakspere is read with absorbing interest, so long shall we feel attracted by those greater dramas that have been enacted on the arena of the world's history. It has its greater and lesser tragedies and its comedies, which stir the soul to its profoundest depths and call forth its smiles and its tears. It treats of men's inhumanity to men, which "makes countless thousands mourn," the intolerance, cruelty, and persecution which man exercises over his fellow-man, which cause us to shudder at the sight. Still, it is our brother, to whom we are bound by kindred ties, who suffers, and we weep with him; and it is our brother who inflicts the suffering, and we cannot cease to feel an interest, even in those cruel wrongs which he heaps upon his offending victim. We may rebuke, we may retaliate, we may inflict the severest punishment upon the culprit, still it is our brother whom we punish and rebuke.

This thought is predominant, and we cannot rid ourselves of it. All these relate, not to inert matter, not to brute animals, but to rational and intelligent man in his relations to us and our heavenly Father; and he cannot but enlist our sympathies and engage our attention as we follow him on his journey of heroic struggles or deepest shame.

The chief reason why we feel a deeper interest in man than in outward nature, with all its beauties and glories, is his ineffable dignity and transcendent glory. The Psalmist touches upon this theme when he bursts forth in that sublime utterance: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and thou hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou hast made him to have dominion over the works of thy hands: thou hast put all things under his feet."

God has exalted man above all material objects. He has placed all the forces of outward nature under his dominion. However sublime we may regard the heavens, man is still more sublime. However beautiful the towering hills and the teeming landscape, man is still more beautiful than them all. As a being who lives, moves, and has his existence in God, he is a more important object than any other in the world.

Gilfillan, in his review of Chalmers's "Astronomical Discourses," has elucidated this contrast between man and nature most clearly. With his magniloquent rhetoric, he exclaims: "The creation, large as it is, is not equal in grandeur and value to one immortal spirit. . . . The sun cannot understand the geometry of its own motion or read the laws of its own radiating light. I can do both, and am therefore greater than the sun. The sun cannot, with all its rays, write on flower or grass or the broad page of the ocean the name of its Maker. A child of seven can, and is therein greater than the sun. The sun cannot, from all his vast surface, utter an articulate sound: he is dumb in his magnificence. 'But out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God perfects praise.' . . . The sun is but a spark of fire, a transient meteor in the sky; but I, immortal as his sire, shall never die. And, if greater than the sun, I am greater than this whole material universe. . . . It is only the nursery to my infant soul; and whether is greater, the nursery or the child? . . . The universe is not a spirit: it is but a great and glorious clod. But I am a spirit, though a spirit disguised; an immortality, though an immortality veiled; a beam from the Father of lights, though gone astray. Therefore do I dare to predicate that it is of more dignity and grandeur and value than the whole material creation."

It is this being, intelligent, capable of indefinite growth in knowledge, virtue, and holiness, formed in the image of his infinite

Creator, a denizen of earth, yet a candidate for immortal life and progress, that constitutes the charm of history. We cross vast oceans, traverse broad fields decked out with all the garniture of vegetable life, we scale mountain ridges, and stand on their highest peak and gaze, as did Moses, over the varied expanse of hill and plain, and so onward to the sea; but none of these holds our attention for a single moment when we discover man, "a mere speck in the landscape," traversing these plains or climbing these heights.

In these modern times man is beginning to be regarded as of more importance than the traditional theology of the dark ages has attached to him. He is no longer ranked as an insignificant thing, a mere worm in the dust, but the child of God and heir of immortality. On his soul God has stamped the divine image; and, though sin may mutilate, it cannot efface the image. He may abandon God, but God will not abandon him. He feels an enduring interest in his child, to whom he is ever bound by paternal ties. This invests history as a record of man's deeds with a deeper meaning, as it gives us not "dead facts," but "living men and broad human interests." As man rises in dignity and worth, he becomes more attractive to us while we follow him, pressing on, through alternate struggles and defeats, to the attainment of his destiny at last.

And, as we take into consideration his achievements in science and the arts, he becomes to us a still more attractive being. He conquers nature, and bends its giant forces to the accomplishment of his plans. Think of what science and invention have done, under the controlling power of man's skill and enterprise, to promote the civilization of the world! To use the words of Dr. Gordon, "The cost in toil, in pain, in blood, of the contributions to science made by such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Harvey, and Darwin, it would be difficult to overestimate." Yet they are all the achievements of the human element, which is "vast and priceless."

So of all reformers in the social, literary, moral, and religious worlds. By timely effort they have promoted the progress of the race, but "the eager, fevered pulse of humanity is in it all. The beat of the surging sea of laborious and victorious intellect is heard through all." Man is the great agent in the cause of reform. And, then, to add immeasurably to its attractions, we must acknowledge "God in history." A divine personality, who doeth his will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, uses man as his responsible agent in working out the great problems of history. We cannot ignore this fact without detracting greatly from the charm with which we explore its records. It is the recognition of the divine agency in history that enables us to perceive a logical connection between the successive events of the past. All are subject to a system of laws under the control of the Infinite Law-giver. Man is free within a limited sphere, but he is not free to thwart God's purposes in regard to the human race. We must recognize the providence of God, then, in the secular and religious affairs of men, if we would understand the profound significance of all historical events. Atheism and agnosticism serve to darken the counsels of the Most High by putting all the achievements of the past under the blighting influence of chaos and chance.

There is, then, in history a divine as well as a human element, a divine personality guiding the human, and leading it on to the grand consummation toward which all movements are tending. Viewed in the light of the divine purpose, educing good out of evil and order out of confusion, until the whole race shall be raised to the highest point of possible attainment, it fills our souls with the grandeur and majesty of the final triumph when all men shall bow before Him who is "all in all."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Unitarian: —

After reading and listening to different arguments in favor of a suitable name for our new union, it gives me great satisfaction to say that the article in your August number of the *Unitarian* meets my hearty approval, both for the clear and logical expression of sentiment and the unquestionable definiteness of meaning which the suggested name conveys.

I also feel that the concrete phrase "of the

Followers of the Christ" is far better than an abstract one, and that we should introduce into our new name a phrase which smacks of "something more than intellectual," something more than abstract, something definite, applying to the "entire man."

In the past, at least, the Unitarians have been severely criticised on just this point, *seemingly* indefiniteness. Now let us young people, the root and fibre of this grand, inspiring faith, turn over a new leaf, and have the name of our new union one of a thoroughly concrete nature and one that will unquestionably convey a definiteness and depth of meaning.

"The Followers of the Christ" would undoubtedly become very popular as a shorter name; for it is euphonious, embodies our dearest sentiments and principles, and the very name might become a watchword among us. Certainly, the beauty of sentiment expressed in it appeals in a marvellous manner to *my* sense of the principles of "Faith, Hope, and Love."

Again, as the article mentions, it cannot drive any one away; for the simplicity and purity of its meaning will rather attract than repel.

It has a directness and straightforwardness which cannot be mistaken, yet it can in no way jar upon the feelings of those having beliefs at variance with ours.

Any one endeavoring to follow faithfully in the footsteps of "the Christ" cannot fail to appreciate this phrase, "the Followers of the Christ," and to identify himself with the great work which it represents.

Before closing, let me say with the writer of the article that we cannot lay too much stress on the choosing of a good and suitable name for "our union." And that "one step 'twixt loss and gain" weighs very heavily in the balance.

Trusting and hoping that the full significance of this article in your August number of the *Unitarian* may appeal as forcibly to others as it has to me, and that our young people will *freely* express their thoughts to you on this very interesting subject, I remain faithful to the best interest of "the union," ready to work and do.

EDWARD MARSH.

Man is saved by love and duty, and by the hope that springs from duty.—*Anonymous.*

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SUNDAY.

The Other World.

It lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

MONDAY.

Will the Robin sing in that Land?

Will the robin sing in that land,
That land so fair and so far,
That lies as our souls fondly dream
In the depths of the uttermost star?

When the heavenly spring shall appear,
And we first see it bourgeon and bloom,
Will no robin be there with its song,
As the violet bursts from her tomb?

All the dear common things that we love,
Old faces, old flowers, and old friends,
Shall we see them no more when the stream
Of our life with the great ocean blends?

Oh, I love not the new and the strange,
But a friend and the clasp of his hand;
And I would that my spirit could know
That the robin will sing in that land.

—*Hattie Tyng Griswold.*

TUESDAY.

One Thing Only.

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind;
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

WEDNESDAY.

Have Faith in One Another.

Have faith in one another
When ye meet in friendship's name;
For a true friend is a brother,
And his heart should throb the same.
Though your path in life may differ,
Since the hour when first we met;
Yet have faith in one another,
Ye may need that friendship yet.

Have faith in one another
When ye whisper love's fond vow.
It will not be always summer
Or be always bright as now;
And when winter's time comes o'er ye,
If some kindred heart ye share,
And ye have faith in one another,
Ye shall never know despair.

. . . . . .

Have faith in one another,
And let honor be your guide,
And let the truth be spoken,
Whatever may betide;
For the false may reign a season,
And, oh, doubt it if ye will.
Yet have faith in one another,
And the truth shall triumph still. —*Anon.*

THURSDAY.

The First shall be Last.

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after Last returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best can't end worst;
Nor what God blessed once, prove accursed. —*Robert Browning.*

FRIDAY.

God of Truth.

O God of truth, whose living word upholds
whate'er hath breath,
Look down on thy creation, Lord, enslaved
by sin and death.

Set up thy standard, Lord, that we who
claim a heavenly birth,
May march with thee to smite the lies that
vex thy groaning earth.

Then, God of truth, for whom we long, thou
who wilt hear our prayer,
Do thine own battle in our hearts, and slay
the falsehood there. —*Thomas Hughes.*

SATURDAY.

The Hour draws Near.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and
late,
When, at the Eternal Gate,
We leave the words and works we call our
own,
And lift void hands alone
For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that gate no toll.
Giftless, we come to Him who all things
gives,
And live because He lives. —*Whittier.*

EDITORIAL.

Our Churches. We are publishing under the heading "Our Churches" a series of historical sketches of the growth and development of various Unitarian churches.

It is not possible to give the full story of the life of any church in our condensed "News from the Field"; but these special articles, together with the monthly notes under "News," will supply a complete history, continually growing, of each church reported. We ask pastors and church historians to send us the historical facts of their churches.

Activity of Women. At the recent Stuttgart Convention of Christian Socialists an address which has given rise to much comment in Germany was made by the wife of a high official, Dr. Lippmann. The address was an appeal to the women of Germany to take their rightful place in the public duties of the citizens of an enlightened country. We quote from the condensed report given in the *Literary Digest*: —

"The woman's problem in Germany is rapidly coming to be a burning question, although progress in this regard is nothing compared with what has been accomplished in other countries. In England women have splendid opportunities of developing their usefulness in public life. By enactment of public law since 1870 the management of public charities, of hospitals and the like, is accessible to women. In 1890 there were seventy women in England in charge of public charities for the poor. In 1895 this number had increased to eight hundred and seventy-five. All this was the result of contests and struggles, and the victory was won step by step. Since 1887 there has existed an institution in London with a course of studies aiming to prepare women for such public stations.

"In Germany nothing of this sort has yet been done. The only women who are engaged in the public sphere are the deaconesses, and these are under the management of the Christian congregations. And, then, the activity of the deaconesses is something entirely different, and the special direction of their activity quite other than that

contemplated by the propaganda of the women reformers. This crusade aims to have women made useful in the community at large, in such a manner and for such purposes as her nature and disposition make her suitable for. In this sphere and in this work she is to act with the same independence and have the same responsibilities that men have."

God and Disasters. How can God be good, and yet allow such dreadful disasters? This is the old, old question, revived and repeated in the editorial columns of quite a number of our exchanges in reference to the recent natural calamities of the tornado in St. Louis and the tidal wave on the coast of Japan. We say this is the old, old question; for it is as old as the mechanical conception of God. But to the modern mind, trained in the methods of scientific reasoning, open to the vision of an evolving physical universe directed by unfailing streams of physical power, such a question cannot present itself. Are we to find a flaw in the moral character of the Creator because intense heat, tending to produce a vacuum in the atmosphere, sets the obedient wind at lightning speed to heal the mischief? If so, all the lesser accidents and incidents of earthly existence together must pale before our knowledge of the certain ultimate annihilation of the whole human race in the final cooling into icy death of our home, the earth. If the goodness of God rests upon the stability of the physical conditions of this planet, alas for God! One might as well say, "We all struggle with pain, meet death and die, therefore God is not good." It is not the properties of the air we breathe, however exquisite we find them in the flush of our vigorous youth, it is not the smoothness of the ocean nor its fluctuations, which we often tempt to our destruction, it is not the beauty of the earth itself, nor the quietness of the cool sod beneath which we reverently lay the clayey vestments of our dead, that inspire or confirm our faith in "the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind." We believe God is good because we find that we are ourselves drawn to goodness. If all humanity desired and strove to attain evil, we should conclude that the Creator of human hearts loved wrong. It is solely in human character that divine goodness declares and reveals itself, and not in rocks, winds, or seas. The shock to our faith in the goodness of God must come then, if at all, from the disappearance of goodness as a quality of human life, not from a loss of that life through any cause.

A Strange Tongue. Writing to the *Critic* an account of the wonderful millennial celebration of the kingdom of Hungary, Mr. Zangwill says:—

"The chief surprise of Hungary is its language. Though one knows that Jókai writes in the strange tongue which sticks its verb into the middle of its noun, yet one vaguely thinks of it as of Gaelic or Welsh,—something archaic, kept for Eisteddfods and Renaissances,—and it is not till one arrives in Hungary that one realizes that it is a living, disconcerting reality. The great European languages have affinities with one another. Latin puts one on bowing terms with French and Spanish, Italian and Portuguese; English is not entirely unrelated to German, Dutch, and even Norwegian; old Greek is the key to modern. But in Hungary one comes face to face with an absolutely new language, in which even guess-work is impossible. When 'Levelezö-Lap' means a post-card, and 'ára egy napra' means price per day, you feel that it is all up. The nearest relatives of Hungarian are Turkish and Finnish, the Asiatic ancestors of the race having lived between Finns and Turks; and it bears traces of their migrations, and of the great Mongol invasion of Europe by Djingis Khan."

The Salvation Army in India. Describing a recent visit to India, M. André Chevrillon writes:—

"Returning through the broad streets of the business part of Bombay, red flags are seen flying above the heads of a Hindu crowd. 'Hallelujah!' say the flags. 'Are you saved? Are you fighting? If not, why not? When do you intend to get saved?'

"Sandwich men are going about announcing 'the arrival of the Salvation Army from Canada, and a general attack upon the devil by Captain Hallelujah Smith, formerly a circus clown.'

"In the midst of the Hindu crowd the

English Salvationists form a little ring. They are all barefooted, clad in Oriental costume, the women draped in red, their blond faces surrounded with orange muslin, the men in Bedouin mantles and turbans.

"Curious, these English faces, the soft pink and white skin, in Asiatic costumes! A kind of little Hindu monkey makes a confession in a nasal voice. Then, successively, the English Salvationists testify, each holding an umbrella as parasol. Then a drum, castanet, and a key-bugle.

"The English women stand quietly, their hands drooping and clasped, and sing hymns to polka tunes, while the men accompany with accordions. One of them makes an exhortation in Hindustani, a very young girl in Oriental drapery, her bare feet in the dust, the eyes of an angel, a lily complexion untouched by the Indian sun, a pensive expression, so serious, calm, and maidenly, one of Burne-Jones's Madonnas.

"There is something at once touching and comic in the energy and sincerity of these evangelists. Their great lack is of that sympathetic imagination which makes it possible to conceive modes of soul foreign to one's self. . . .

"These people here employ the same procedure to touch the heart of a poor day laborer in the East End, moving about in the black mud, the stinging fog of the docks, and to reach these Hindu souls, of which they are so ignorant! The grand Wesleyan hymns sung to tunes from the dance-hall, what emotion can they awaken in these Asiatics? Are they touched at sight of young women who have come so far to mingle with the Bombay populace, to wear the same clothes, to live the same life with them, to be their sisters, to love them in Jesus Christ?

"On this point my Hindu servant, Cheddy Lal, whom I have consulted, says:—

"'The other missionaries are liked better. These do not come in a carriage, as Europeans should. They dress as we do. They are thought to be poor, and they are despised.'"

No true man can live a half life when he has genuinely learned that it is only half a life. The other half, the higher half, must haunt him.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Departments.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

September 1 is the New Year's Day of the churches. This year it comes with many incentives to renewed activity. In the United States, at least, the moral life of society is to be tried, and, no doubt, strengthened, as it has seldom been tried and tested. The political contest which opens before us presents problems of two kinds, the one purely intellectual, the other moral. What kinds of money are best, what shall be the proportion of various metals and of paper money in circulation, what relation a national currency can and, for expediency, ought to hold to the money of the world,—these, and such as these, are purely intellectual questions, to be decided by knowledge, to be tested by experience, and to be answered by those who are instructed and expert in such matters. Mistakes will occur, but mistakes are not crimes; and the worst of financial blunders may leave the nation none the poorer in the essential qualities which constitute its strength.

But there are moral questions to be answered. They must be answered in the right way. If only the things that are surely right and obligatory can be separated from the things which are merely expedient and permissible, we need not doubt the issue. The inhabitants of the United States may be trusted to do the right when they know it. There are men,—rich, poor, wise, foolish, courageous, and timid,—that is to say, a certain proportion in all classes, who are dishonest, dishonorable, and (within the limits of legality) willing to do anything for gain. They exist, and they are dangerous. In the coming campaign there will be urgent need to arouse the moral sense of the people against them. Instruction is not enough. Untaught men will do right by instinct if the sentiments which conduce to righteousness are aroused. Make them to an unusual degree sensitive in regard to questions of honor, honesty, justice, and fair play, whether personal or national, and sophistries will lose their power. In a peculiar way, then, our ministers and churches are set face to face with a duty. If our ministers, as ministers, and our churches, as churches, will now eschew partisan politics in every form, avoid all personalities, refrain from the expression of opinion in regard to matters where only knowledge is valuable, and then do all in their power to awaken the consciences of men, to arouse the sense of honor, and make the quality of the national life the object of greatest mo-

ment,—then they may render service to the nation of the rarest quality. If all the money in the land were destroyed in a day, and all the people remained honest, prosperity would come again. If all the people became poor because they were honest, wealth would flow in upon them from an admiring and trusting world.

Because these questions are of first importance and every man must be at his post, it will be difficult to arrange conferences and conventions until after November 3. But the Unitarian Church can have no ecclesiastical interests which conflict with the public duty of the citizen. The present secretary of the Unitarian Association eight years ago arranged a series of conventions in the West. He has only been waiting a fitting opportunity to repeat the experiment. The election over, meetings will be held.

After October 1 the work will in three missionary departments have to go on without the aid of superintendents. But, if ministers and churches will communicate with the secretary in districts where no other arrangement is made, it is believed that for a time the work may go on without serious detriment. The Missionary Council in the Middle West will soon hold a meeting. In Washington and Oregon Dr. T. L. Eliot will in special cases act as adviser and friend of the churches. In answer to many suggestions, it may be said that, pending the settlement of political questions and the return of confidence in business circles, prudence forbids the appointment of any new superintendents.

A cheerful report may be made for Southern California, where with little or no aid from the American Unitarian Association or the Loan Fund churches or chapels are building at Redlands, Pomona, Santa Ana, and San Diego. In some of these things may be seen the vigorous mind and open hand of Dr. Eli Fay. Would that his strength were equal to his willingness to spend and be spent for the cause he loves!

The writer has been familiar with Unitarian affairs for thirty years; and out of abundant experience and knowledge of previous history he is ready to affirm that at no time have our people been so nearly unanimous in thought, feeling, and purpose as they are to-day. The talk of the political campaign about the differences between the East and the West seems curiously strange to a Unitarian who knows intimately our people in all parts of the country. There is among Unitarians everywhere a marked homogeneity of social and intellectual taste and culture. Going East or West they move in the same social atmosphere. When asked, "How do you like Western people?" the writer always answers, "I don't know: I never meet any." Rightly understood and rightly used, this fact of homogeneity would give our little band of churches a much greater influence than it now has. It is part of our mission to abolish sectional prejudices, social, religious, and political.

Mr. Forbush will make his final report as Western Superintendent September 8. But there will not therefore be manifested hereafter a less lively interest in the West. Our directors are united in the desire to strengthen the bonds of sympathy between them and all Western workers and churches.

GEORGE BATCHELOR, *Secretary.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Once more the Sunday-School work of our churches begins anew. The great need is that all should enter into the fresh campaign with a feeling that something can be accomplished. Let us put away the remembrance of disappointments and defeats in the past. The shadow of such recollections has more to do with the failure of our plans than anything else. Sunday-school teachers need to be reminded that it is not always a question of text-books or volunteer teaching, or any other surface matter. Good work and important can be done when the spirit of any Sunday-school is earnest. On the deep currents in education which are now running so swiftly let our Sunday-schools embark. There is no flaw in the arguments which are constantly presented with regard to the importance of training our young people. Every one concedes the theoretical position, which involves the future of our faith and the wise fulfilment of past conditions. The great gap occurs when the theory is left and practice is undertaken. We are often half-hearted in the application of our convictions. One essential certainly stands at the front, which must be recognized if we want prosperity in the Sunday-school department of the church; and that is the hearty co-operation of minister, superintendent, and teachers, aiming for one result and aiding each other with a whole-hearted purpose. Ministers often wonder why certain departments in church life do not flourish. It is generally because there is not enough hard work put into them. When we look around and see how vigorous and persistent, how fertile and courageous, individuals are in business enterprises, we find the secret of success. There is no reason to expect that religious institutions will flourish of themselves. Persons often wonder why places of amusement are thronged. It is not entirely because the public loves to be entertained, but it is greatly because these enterprises are put before the public in a striking and unflagging way.

Every Other Sunday begins Volume XII. with the date of September 13. The same departments that have made this paper attractive to children and to young people and useful in home and Sunday-school will be continued, with the addition of such new features as may still further add interest to its columns. *Every Other Sunday* has now a corps of contributors numbering nearly seventy-five. The illustrations are carefully selected, and are intended to be educational as well as entertaining. The "Letter Box" continues to be a source of pleasure to the young people who help to fill it, and to elders who obtain the results. As we have said before, the price of this paper is exceedingly low, 40 cents a year to subscribers outside of Boston, and 60 cents for those who live within Boston, on account of the postal laws. We solicit the attention of Sunday-school workers to *Every Other Sunday*, believing that it can be judiciously used for the quickening of interest in Sunday-school, assistance to teachers, and the strengthening of the ties between the home and Sunday-school.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, which is always looked for with happy expectation by many, will be held at Greenfield, Mass., with the Third Congregational Society, Rev. A. A. Brooks, pastor, Wednesday evening, October 14, and Thursday, October 15. The Greenfield parish offers the hospitality of Wednesday night to regular delegates, three in number, from each church which has contributed the current year to the Unitarian Sunday School Society, and also to life members. Greenfield has a lovely situation, the people are generous, the church has been newly built, and there is every reason to expect a large, profitable series of meetings. The full programme will be announced in the October *Unitarian*. The exercises of Thursday will be open to any one.

I call the attention again of our churches and Sunday-schools to the fact that the financial year of the Unitarian Sunday School Society is drawing to a close. The books must be audited by the first of October. And I renew the appeals which have been sent out for generous donations in support of our work. If there is any organization which stands for the perpetuation of Unitarian belief, for the future life of our churches, and for the spread of our views among those who are to succeed us, it is the Unitarian Sunday School Society. Its work deals with first sources. Money given to it by annual donations or bequests, from individuals or churches, supplies at once the sources of first importance as regards the growth of liberal religion. The directors of this society have in mind many valuable plans, waiting only for adequate financial support. We are very willing to point to the record of the past ten or twenty years to prove that the money furnished us has been wisely used. Our list of publications is large and valuable, and the services of the officers have always been at the demand of the denomination. I hope that ministers and superintendents who have not sent in contributions will attend to the appeal as soon as possible in September.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society will not publish a new Harvest Service this year, for the same reason that has prevented the issuing of other special services during the past year or two. The New Song and Service Book contains so much material that is applicable to harvest concerts that the need does not seem to exist. However, to meet the wants of those who wish a pamphlet, there will be reprints of the services for 1892 and 1893. Orders supplied to any extent. There is also on hand three hundred copies each of the services for 1887 and 1890. Orders will be filled to that extent for each of these two services. Price, 5 cents a copy, $1 per hundred.

It will be remembered by our Sunday-schools that, in order to secure delegate membership in the Unitarian Sunday School Society for the coming year, with all the rights that such membership conveys, there must be a contribution to the treasury of the Unitarian Sunday School Society on or before the 1st of October. This fact concerns the attendance and representation at the annual meeting in Greenfield, and also the right of Sunday-schools to determine the policy and conduct of affairs in the Unitarian Sunday School Society. The longer the list of contributing schools and churches, the more vigorous will be the administration.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

BOOKS.

The Mind of the Master. By John Watson (Ian Maclaren). Dodd, Mead & Co. New York.

Without preface or explanatory word of any kind, this volume gives us simply a collection of Dr. Watson's sermons. We protest against this growing habit on the part of publishers of putting forth volumes of essays or magazine articles or sermons under an attractive heading which is virtually misleading. Mr. Quiller Couch was just enough in entitling his recent reprint of essays from the *Speaker* "Adventures in Criticism"; but the late Stuart Blakie's "The Ideal of Humanity" was a notable

illustration of deceptive title, that volume containing no other reference to its heading than could be found in a few essays on "The Scottish Covenanters," "Women," and "Wisdom," etc. So with this book before us. No doubt the public would be glad to pay for Ian Maclaren's interpretation of "The Mind of Christ"; but few will be satisfied, when purchasing the volume in that expectation, to make the discovery that here is simply a selection of sermons on subjects as diverse as "The Continuity of Life" and "Sin an Act of Self-will." Surely, Dr. Watson's reputation is well enough established to forego catchy methods. The volume, if the taking title must have been used, should at least have carried a subheading plainly characterizing the nature of the publication. These sermons are well worth publicity for just what they are,—earnest discourses with a bright literary flavor. We can well understand that large congregations, not drawn from the most popular party perhaps, but assuredly from the most intelligent, would be held, led, and inspired by these forcible addresses. The subject-matter for the most part is strong, easily apprehended spiritual truth. Illustration is admirably used with an acute sense of fitness and a deliberate pruning. The personality of Jesus is made vividly prominent. The Fatherhood and love of God radiantly lead all other thoughts. Such mastery and delicacy of expression as lifted "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" to the level of a modern classic are to be found in all these sermons.

Speaking of the work of Christ, Dr. Watson says: "His words were jets of truth. His only point of contact with Rome was the cross. His unaffected humility descended on a hopeless world like dew on dry grass." Of character as supreme test of life, he says: "When one puts in his faith as evidence, he is giving a cheque on a bank beyond reach. When he puts in his character, he pays in gold."

Essays on Nature and Culture. By Hamilton W. Mabie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.—The dedication of this delightful volume to John Burroughs is not only appropriate enough as an act of friendship, but really gives one a just premonition of the contents of the volume, as one might say of a certain view presently to be enjoyed, "That is a favorite prospect of Burroughs." We know what he likes. Probably many will say, "We like that, too." To such this volume will be a pocket delight. There is the smell of woods in it, plenty of fresh air, a gleam of calm seas, and a high repose, in which profound thoughts are reflected as stars in a wayside pond. The excellence of the all too brief essays never lessens from beginning to end. One gathers cumulative interest from the first page, treating of the "Art of Arts," to the closing inspiring prophecy of immortal growth from plane to plane in endless ascension.

The Release, By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: Macmillan & Co.—An historical novel admirably conceived, and executed with great tact and insight. The adventures which are many and exciting are taken from actual incidents of the Reign of Terror in France. The heroine, daughter of an English admiral, is charmingly drawn, and keeps the interest of the reader to the end.

The annual lists of the Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school Books are ready, and may be obtained by application to the Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Supplementary lists will be published from time to time in this paper. The Commission is making a special effort to increase the usefulness of its work, and it earnestly requests the co-operation of ministers and Sunday-school superintendents in placing the lists.

The *New World* for September opens with a fine paper on "Browning's Theism," by Prof. Josiah Royce of Harvard, and continues with these eight varied papers of timely or permanent interest: "The Christocentric Theology," by Rev. C. F. Dole; "The Problem of the Divided Church," by Dean Hodges of the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School; "The Education Bill in England," by Edward Porritt; "The Raising of the Dead in the Synoptic Gospels," by Dr. E. A. Abbott, the eminent English theologian; "Renan Thirty Years After," by Rev. E. H. Hall; "Present Aspects of the Relation of Science and Religion," by S. H. Mellone of the University of Edinburgh; "A Glimpse of the Eastern Church," by Prof. E. A. Grosvenor of Amherst College; and "Jainism," by Dr. James T. Bixby. The fifty pages of book reviews include notices of the Life of Dr. Holmes (J. W. Chadwick), Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty" (W. Kirkus), Nietzsche's Works, Leroy-Beaulieu's "Russia," etc.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A NURSERY SONG.

Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout
Are two little goblins black!
Full oft from my house I've driven them out,
But somehow they still come back.
They clamber up to the baby's mouth,
And pull the corners down;
They perch aloft on the baby's brow,
And twist it into a frown;
And one says, "Shall!" and t'other says, "Shan't!"
And one says, "Must!" and t'other says, "Can't!"
Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
I pray you now, from my house keep out!

But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh
Are two little fairies light:
They're always ready for fun and chaff,
And sunshine is their delight.
And, when they creep into baby's eyes,
Why, there the sunbeams are;
And, when they peep through her rosy lips,
Her laughter rings near and far.
And one says, "Please!" and t'other says, "Do!"
And both together say, "I love you!"
So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,
Come in, my dears, and tarry awhile!

—*Laura E. Richards, in St. Nicholas.*

DICK'S FACT.

"Teacher told us," said Dick, quite out of breath from running so fast, "to bring a fact to-morrow to school to tell about."

"A fact?" said his mother. "What is that for?"

"So we will know how to use our eyes, and tell things afterwards," explained Dick, stretching his own eyes very wide open.

Mother laughed, and said, "Well, Dick, it's a fact that I'm very glad you are home; for I need your help very much to run down town to the market, to the post-office, and to the dry-goods store."

When Dick got home with all these things in his express-wagon, supper was ready; and after supper he helped his mother with the dishes, so sister could study her geography.

Then it was bedtime, and the next morning he was so busy that he forgot all about his fact until he was almost at the schoolhouse.

He stopped to think about it, and just then a window in a little white house across the street flew open, and a voice cried out, "Dicky boy, come here: I want to show you something."

Miss Amelia could not walk without crutches. She was in her wheel-chair; and she rolled it over by the window while her mother went to get some cookies, and there on the sunshiny pane was a great crimson and black butterfly. "I found this," said Miss Amelia, taking a brown pod from the mantel-shelf, "last fall in the porch, and I threw it into my work-basket. Last night I could not sleep; for I thought a mouse was scratching, and this morning we found the pod open and this lovely butterfly. This pod is a cocoon, Dick."

"Oh, I'll have that to tell for my fact!" said Dick, stuffing his pockets with the cookies. "Thank you."

So, when the teacher called for facts, Dick stood up very straight, and said: "Miss 'Melia, my friend, who gives me cookies, found a 'coon in the porch last fall; and, when it was in her basket a long time, it turned into a mouse, and then to a butterfly."

The scholars laughed a little, but they were much interested when the teacher explained about the caterpillar, the cocoon, and then the butterfly. Dick had not understood.—*L. E. Chittenden.*

PERCY'S RESOLVE.

With a brave, determined shake of his head,
And a face all smiles, these words he said:
"I have thought it over, and never will
A little bird with my air-gun kill.

"If I shoot, I will try some mark to hit,
And will not aim where a bird has lit.
They shall always be safe when I am near,
Not one shall have aught from me to fear."

This resolve by a boy, who is but ten,
Might well be followed by grown-up men.
All the birds should thank him in sweetest lays,
And warble him grateful notes of praise.

—*Mrs. Grace C. Bonney.*

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

It will be seen by reference to the cover that we are keeping an *index* to every item of news from our churches. At the end of each year that index is given to every subscriber, so that references to what has taken place in any society can easily be made.

Has your church an item of news in this number of the *Unitarian?* We should be glad to have you represented, and will gladly publish every month any announcements, notices, or news which you will send us. The *Unitarian* is a parish paper, and its interest is in every parish.

Battle Creek, Mich.—Last winter some of the ladies in the Independent Congregational Church undertook to establish a free public kindergarten, which was successfully accomplished for an experiment of three months. Other churches were interested, and the school made strictly undenominational. Over $300 was raised and expended, the school overflowing from the Congregational church to one of the Methodist Episcopal churches, and an extra teacher employed.

Being somewhat puzzled to know how to raise the money for next year, the idea of having a "Ladies' Day" on the street-cars was hit upon; and, through the kindness of the proprietors, the whole system of the city was turned over to the women for one day. They were at work at 6 A.M., and did not leave the last car until midnight. At every terminal some kind of entertainment was provided. A gypsy camp at one, a kindergarten exhibit at another, a bicycle race at another, etc., ending with an illumination at the lake at night. The financial result was $711 after all expenses were paid. This is to be divided between the free kindergarten and the Nichols Memorial Hospital, as the women interested in that institution had thought of the same project at about the same time.

Buffalo Bill's show was here August 7. Again the women were ready to take advantage of circumstances. It was for the Aid Society of the Independent Church this time. Dinner was served in the church from 11.30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; while ice-cream and lemonade were dispensed all day on a lawn past which everybody had to go to reach the show. The profit of the day was about $80. Are the women of the Eastern churches spending their vacation as well?

Rev. Charles G. Ames has returned to the East, feeling the better for his sojourn here. Mr. Horner will resume services September 6.

Bernardston, Mass.—This old society has received a new impetus under the ministration of Rev. Richard Birks, who took charge of the pulpit during the last part of the winter, moving his family from Pittsfield, Mass., the 1st of April, and settling in the parsonage, which is very pleasant, as it is ten years since a minister's family has occupied it. Mr. Birks and family are all musical, which adds much to the interest of the society. The congregations have increased very perceptibly, also the Sunday-school. Mr. Birks has the charge of a large class of young men and boys; and he also takes a great interest in the Young People's Fraternity, which was formed under the ministration of Rev. Mr. Holden. Their meetings are held at the church parlors, and are conducted almost wholly by the young people. The membership is now over fifty, and many others who are not members often attend. The last meeting before the vacation consisted largely of music, both vocal and instrumental. Mr. Birks, Jr., gave an address upon the subject of "Boys," in which he told of many things which boys could and did do, and decided that they were a great factor in the world.

Boston, Mass.—Rev. Hilary Bygrave of Belmont, Mass., and Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley of Chicago preached August 16, on the Common, under the auspices of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches. Mr. Bygrave spoke about the teachings of the commandments, illustrating the meaning of the saying, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," with examples of charity among men. Mr. Bulkeley's subject was "Consecration and Success." On these hang the great problems of spiritual and worldly philosophy, and they are no more contradictory than the world and God. Concerning these services the *Congregationalist* said recently: "In distinctively religious lines the Unitarians deserve commendation for embracing the opportunities for open-air gospel services which a thronged Common presents every Sunday afternoon. They have brought their best speakers to the front, and are making more than a temporary impression."

In reporting these open-air services for Sunday, August 23, the Boston *Herald* said: "The damp, threatening weather had very little effect in diminishing the audience yesterday afternoon at the Unitarian

popular religious service on the Common. Some time before Cornetist H. B. Stuart had sounded a note, many had gathered; and by the time the singing was begun there was a large audience. Rev. Christopher R. Eliot introduced Rev. W. R. Lord of St. Paul, Minn., who read the Scripture lesson; and Rev. John W. Day of Hingham offered prayer. In his remarks Rev. Mr. Lord said that, while in a big city every man pressed hard one upon another, yet nowhere was a man more separated, more lonely. He was sure that, if each individual would but remember that he represented humanity, there would be a greater elevation of the individual character than at present. The fact is that in large centres people somehow get the notion that no one is watching or paying attention to them or their acts or lives; but such is not really the case. Every one's life is taken as an example by some one of a community or age. He begged all to remember that each person represented humanity, and then that humanity would be glorified. Rev. Mr. Day showed why Unitarians were Christians. Every man, he said, who tried to lead a life of perfection similar to Christ's life was really a Christian. It was not the mere belief in Christ, but the imitating of his life, that made a man a Christian. It was the actual life of a man that would save him,—not a belief in any one church or doctrine. The life of Christ should constrain us all; and every man should strive to represent that life of Christ, which was the only enduring, everlasting life."

Gardner, Mass.—On the evening of July 10 a very pleasant reception was given to Rev. William Channing Brown, commemorating the close of his first year's pastorate of the First Unitarian Church of this town. Under Mr. Brown's earnest and devoted labors the past year has been one of the most successful in the history of the society. Forty-one new members have been added to the church during the year, the attendance has steadily increased, and all things tend to show a healthy and permanent growth of the society. The church has been kept open all summer, the pulpit having been supplied during the pastor's absence by Rev. B. R. Bulkeley of Chicago, Dr. James T. Bixby of Yonkers, N.Y., Rev. John H. Applebee of Buffalo, N.Y., and Rev. William Brown of Tyngsboro, Mass. The attendance and interest in the Sunday-school have been very encouraging; and we are looking forward to increased interest at the opening of the school in September, a vacation having been had during the month of August.

In April the Guild of the Good Samaritan was formed by the young people; and meetings were held each Sunday evening until the 1st of July, the young people of the guild having entire charge of the services for the evening. These meetings have proved very successful in stimulating an interest in the church by the young people of the society, and plans have been made for their continuation early in September. The programme for the month will be as follows: September 6, "The School and the Church," led by Mr. L. P. Nash; September 13, "Preaching," by Prof. F. A. Christie of Meadville, Pa.; September 20, "Courtesy," led by Henry W. Stevens; September 27, "Honor," led by Birdys E. Lockwood. Sunday morning, September 6, there will be a Young People's Religious Union service, conducted by the pastor. Subject, "Truth, Worship, Service."

Helena, Mont.—On the return of Rev. J. H. Crooker and his wife (Rev. Florence Kallock) at the close of July the ladies of the Unitarian church gave them a reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kleinschmidt, which was very largely attended, not only by members of the congregation, but by the people of the city generally. At the first service after vacation, on Sunday morning, August 2, the congregation filled the hall, though a large part of the members are absent on ranches or vacation trips, as is common during the summer in this locality.

During the past year the size of the congregation has materially increased, and the work of the church has been enlarged. Though small, the Sunday-school continues to grow in number and interest. The best thing in many ways done during the year was the organizing of a free kindergarten in a destitute part of the city. A large number of prominent and intelligent young ladies have given this work their personal attention, and what was begun as an experiment has proved a great success, and done much good. A church home is very much needed, and could easily be secured in a short time, were it not for the extreme financial depression, which still continues. But it is hoped that steps in that direction will soon be taken.

It is felt that Mrs. Crooker will be able to give valuable assistance to the educational and philanthropic side of the church work; and both Mr. and Mrs. Crooker hope to do something this fall in spreading our gospel in various places throughout the State. Plans are now being made in that direction.

Hopedale, Mass.—The Neanikos Club was formed at the parsonage on the first Monday evening of July. It is composed of the youths of the town between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one. Its purpose is to furnish a place of common meeting, with amusements proper for such an organization, together with the necessary facilities for reading and other means of intel-

lectual development. The membership will be limited to residents of the town of Hopedale, and there will be no sectarian conditions. Suitable rooms have been hired, and they will soon be thoroughly renovated and furnished. While the boys will be expected to conduct all the affairs of this club, a board of directors chosen by the club will constitute a body to have general oversight. The board of directors contains the following names: Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, Frank H. French, George A. Draper, Florence M. Day, and Howard W. Bracken. At the present writing twenty-one members are enrolled. A subscription paper has been circulated among the citizens to assist the Neanikos Club in getting the rooms furnished, and already about $200 has been pledged. The name which has been chosen to represent this organization is the Greek word which means "youthful," "noble," "high-spirited," "active," etc.,—a word which conveys the idea of a noble-minded youth; and we believe the young men who have banded themselves together under this watchword will insist on preserving a high standard of social and intellectual life.

Janesville, Wis.—The pastor of the vigorous People's Church of All Souls', Rev. Victor E. Southworth, has issued a letter to his people encouraging all to take energetic part in the work of the church this coming year. He calls attention to many little things which, while apparently trivial, are indeed of deep importance in the successful conduct of every religious organization. Among these we may mention: prompt attendance, hospitality toward strangers, taking part in the work of the Sunday-school, informing the minister of all cases of sickness or any special need for his services, interest and participation in the allied societies of the church. The letter concludes: "This year the only new enterprise that will call for additional giving is the fund for home missionary work. We want you to consecrate one penny each day to the printing and free distribution of our gospel. Here in Janesville and throughout Southern Wisconsin are a great many people who have only wrong ideas of free religion. They think we are teaching a dangerous gospel. They do not understand its beauty and power. They have wrong conceptions of what we as a religious society are trying to do. Now, this home mission work is to render all misunderstandings and misrepresentations impossible by spreading abroad clear but kindly declarations of the fundamental principles of our free religious society. If a hundred people will furnish me with a penny a day each, for one, two, or three years, and let me use it for printing 'Free Religious Leaflets,' and in distributing them through the mail and in other ways, I feel confident that the day will soon come when no one in this city or county can remain ignorant of the truth as we try to teach it. And to *know* the spirit and purpose of the free church means at least to respect it for its openness and earnestness, if not to love it and join in its work."

Japan.—The Yokohama *Mail* refers to the liberal tendency in Japan as follows: "The Christian press furnishes abundant proof that churches of all denominations are engaged in a struggle, in one form or other, with the current of Japanese nationalism and self-assertion. The principle that it is not necessary that an Oriental church should be an exact imitation of its Western models is generally acknowledged, and numerous concessions are constantly made in response to proposals advanced by native churches. As an illustration of the truth of this remark, we may quote a few lines from Bishop Bickersteth's pastoral letter, published in May last. Referring to the recent decision of a synod of bishops, whereby the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England were excluded from the Japanese prayer-book, Bishop Bickersteth says: 'Now the Thirty-nine Articles have no ecumenical authority. . . . They are not, and do not profess to be, a complete statement of Christian doctrine, and were certainly never intended by their compilers to be imposed as a standard of Orthodoxy outside the British Isles. Further, speaking generally, the imposition of elaborate doctrinal standards, as distinguished from the brief devotional enumeration in a creed of the facts of belief, is an evidence of weakness.' The bishop adds, 'The doctrinal confession of an Eastern church, if its formulation be deemed requisite, should be the work of Oriental theologians, be racy of the soil, spring out of a surrounding of Eastern circumstances, and carry to those who study it the obvious meaning of its own allusions and references.'

"Though all this, and a great deal more, is admitted by the majority of foreign missionaries, there is a general feeling that the demands for freedom of thought and action constantly made by Japanese churches are fraught with danger, in that they are apt to be extended so as to include liberty to decide on the doctrines of the church which it is necessary for a Japanese to accept in order to be enrolled as a member. 'I deeply regret,' says Bishop Bickersteth, in the charge from which we have quoted, 'that it does not seem to me possible to accept as Christian a great deal that goes by that name in Japan. The manifesto put forth at Nara last year, at a very large meeting, as expressing apparently the maximum of common belief of those who attended, is lamentable evidence of the results in a country like Japan of what is called "liberal" or undenominational Christianity.'"

London.— BERMONDSEY.— Rev. Harold Rylett has issued an address to the "many earnest and intelligent people to whom orthodox Christianity has ceased to be religiously helpful," cordially inviting them to attend the services of this church, "at which a rational faith is presented in a reverent spirit." "Unitarians believe," says Mr. Rylett, "in God as 'the author and the giver of all good things,' and in man as the child of God; and they hold that the largest possible liberty is essential to the most perfect development of man. Accordingly, Unitarians refuse to adopt any formal creed. They believe that God continuously incarnates himself in man, his child; and they therefore keep their minds open to receive new light and guidance from God-gifted souls of every age and nation. To Unitarians the Bible is precious, because it contains utterances of men moved to speak by inspiration of Holy Spirit, and because, above all, it contains the record of the life and teaching of Jesus, the Christ, who came that men 'might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.' Unitarians believe that pure religion consists in taking Jesus for an example and following in his steps; and it is their solemn conviction that earnest endeavor to lead the Christ life surely leads to the kingdom of God."

HAMPSTEAD.— A valuable new organ, built by Messrs. W. Hill & Son, was opened at the Rosslyn Hill Chapel on Sunday by Mr. S. Liddle, the organist. It is placed in the chamber on the south side of the nave, and presents an imposing appearance, with a "coved" case projecting over the choir seats, the diapason pipes being distributed among three flats and two towers of pipes in the case. The action is tubular pneumatic throughout. The console for the player projects conveniently forward, and is fitted with all the latest appliances. All pipes other than those of wood are spotted metal for reeds to eight feet, and flue work to four feet. The bellows are blown by two hydraulic engines, attached to parallel feeders inside the organ. These motors are silent and automatic. The new choir seats are designed by Mr. T. Locke Worthington.

Lynn, Mass.—Rev. F. C. Southworth of Duluth preached at the Unitarian church, corner of South Common and Church Streets, August 23.

Oakland, Cal.—Mr. and Mrs. Wendte had a fine reception on their return from their vacation. Nearly every seat in the church was filled, and many were the congratulations and greetings at the close of the service. Mr. Wendte preached on the text, "And Elijah went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb, the mount of God." He gave a graphic account of his journey to the East, dwelling upon the scenic features and personal impressions of three months of travel and observation. Pen pictures were drawn of Rev. Messrs. Robert Collyer, Edward Everett Hale, S. M. Crothers, M. J. Savage, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and others pleasantly identified with the Oakland church in past years; and loving tributes were paid to their character and influence.—*Pacific Unitarian.*

Pembroke, Mass.—The Unitarian church is in an unusually prosperous condition. In the spring the parish called Rev. J. W. Barker of Wakefield, Eng., a young man of rare promise and ability. Under his leadership the church service has been improved, the attendance is nearly double, and new interest has been awakened. The Young People's Guild, organized last fall, is doing good work. Its meetings are well attended, helpful, and interesting.

July 19 a series of union grove meetings was commenced by the pastor, with the hope of inducing a brotherly feeling between the neighboring churches, and reaching a class of people who do not attend any other service. The meetings have been very successful, the audiences numbering from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty persons.

On the evening of August 3 Rev. J. W. Barker tendered a reception to the members of the parish and the people of Pembroke. About one hundred and twenty-five people assembled to show their appreciation of Mr. Barker's successful efforts toward the building-up of the society. An entertaining musical programme, consisting of piano duets by Messrs. Nye and Gordon of Quincy, a vocal solo by Mr. Charles Tilton, and readings by Miss Abbie Horton of Rockland and Miss Mabel Simmons of Kingston, were listened to with much pleasure. Among out-of-town guests from Quincy, Dorchester, and Boston were Rev. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Phillips of New Haven, Conn. Mr. Phillips made a very eloquent and witty speech, congratulating Mr. Barker upon his successful work.

Peoria, Ill.—Rev. R. B. Marsh preached a very instructive sermon in the People's Church on "The Second Stage in the Growth of Liberalism." We quote: "Preachers and religious papers have labored in season and out to impress upon people's minds the necessity of reading the little, narrow, faulty Bible. We must labor as hard to get men to read the larger, truer Bible of the ages. We shall raise up, if we are faithful, a better set of converts, because we have wider knowledge of truth for them to feed upon. Instead of urging men to read the childish record of Genesis, we must impress upon them the study of works of real science, that have to do

with the beginnings of things. Instead of reading over the travels of a band of semi-barbarous wanderers, we must invite them to a reading of the real history of many peoples and nations, especially of our own. We are a 'chosen people.' God has led our fathers across the desert of the sea and land, his providence has been over us, his hand delivered the slave in a more marvellous way than were the children of Israel delivered, because it was done in the real way, working from within on men's hearts, not from without on their superstitions. We, too, lost our first-born; and there was mourning in every house, and many graves were filled, not by the wrath of God, but by the greed and anger of men. Our prophets are a hundred to one of those of olden time. They utter truth deeper, hopes higher, and morality purer than ever came to those ancient worthies. Especially do the modern prophets excel in the universal uplifting of the race. There is no more the idea of the partial, the chosen people, the favorites of Deity. Such ideas have disappeared, and a view of the solidarity of the race comes in to take their place."

Salem, Mass.—The First Church has been open all summer for the union service of the Unitarian churches. Rev. Leon A. Harvey preached on the 2d of August. He gave an excellent sermon, which was listened to by a small audience, because of a severe storm. Rev. C. A. Staples of Lexington, Mass., preached August 16. In the absence of Rev. Messrs. Towle and Latimer, Rev. Mr. Manchester had charge of most of the services up to August 16, Rev. Mr. Cressey having charge August 23 and 30.

—The Alliance of the Barton Square Church has held meetings at "Juniper" and at Danvers, at the summer homes of Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Simonds. The old Sunday-school library of the Barton Square Church has been transformed into a "minister's room," and a bookcase for the Sunday-school library has been made in the vestry. These changes have been made under the auspices of the Alliance, the members of which are earning money in various ways to meet the expense incurred.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—Rev. W. H. Fish, Jr., pastor of the Dedham Unitarian church, is preaching here in exchange with Rev. E. R. Dinsmore during the months of August and September.

St. Louis, Mo.—The *Universalist* has a pleasant account from its Washington correspondent of the Unitarian Mission here: "The Unitarian Mission, on Ninth and Washington Streets, right in the heart of St. Louis's slum district. This mission is established on stable foundations, with men and women of wealth and influence behind it, and a popular church to see that it lacks for nothing. It grew from a little 'acorn,' as other things grand and good have in this world; and the church built a fine mission house, with an airy and commodious audience-room. An orphanage accommodating forty children carries on a kindergarten and several other benevolent enterprises, besides Sunday services and Sabbath-school. The Eliot Society of the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian) carries on all the various lines of church extension under one head, 'special committees' having each enterprise in charge. The sewing society consists of the president and vice-president of the Mission School Board and the chairman of the Social Committee, whose special business it is to look after the interest of this 'mission,' and to provide clothing for the children under its care. It is able to pay for teachers and for privileges."

The Weirs, N.H.—The grove meetings at Lake Winnipesaukee, July 27 to August 2, were more than usually pleasant and profitable. The weather was in general very favorable, and certainly a more enjoyable gathering of Unitarians never came together. The programme was carried through with but slight changes, Rev. A. R. Hussey of West Roxbury substituting on Wednesday evening for Mr. Stewart of Lynn with great acceptance. The excursion to Wolfboro on Tuesday was well attended, and resulted in considerable help to the good people of the church in that place. The "Woman's Day" was made bright and enthusiastic by the presence of Mrs. Fifield, Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Livermore. The Young People's Day was a decided success, which has been already noticed in these columns. "Layman's Day" was especially good with its lectures and addresses, including two not on the original programme from William P. Fowler of Boston and William L. Melcher of Laconia. The two sermons of Sunday—one in the morning by Dr. Brundage, on "The Liberal View of Prayer," and one by Dr. Rexford of Columbus, Ohio, on "The Liberal Gospel"—were worthy of the largest hearing. They would have been greeted with better audiences, had not a heavy rain prevented the usual Sunday attendance. The great kindness and courtesy of the Methodist minister at Weirs in inviting Dr. Brundage to occupy his place in the little chapel Sunday morning is worthy of special recognition. The Unitarians of New England are missing a great deal when they absent themselves from the good fellowship and earnest, uplifting spirit of these yearly occasions. The grove meeting might be made a source of cumulative power to our churches, our minister, and our cause.

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